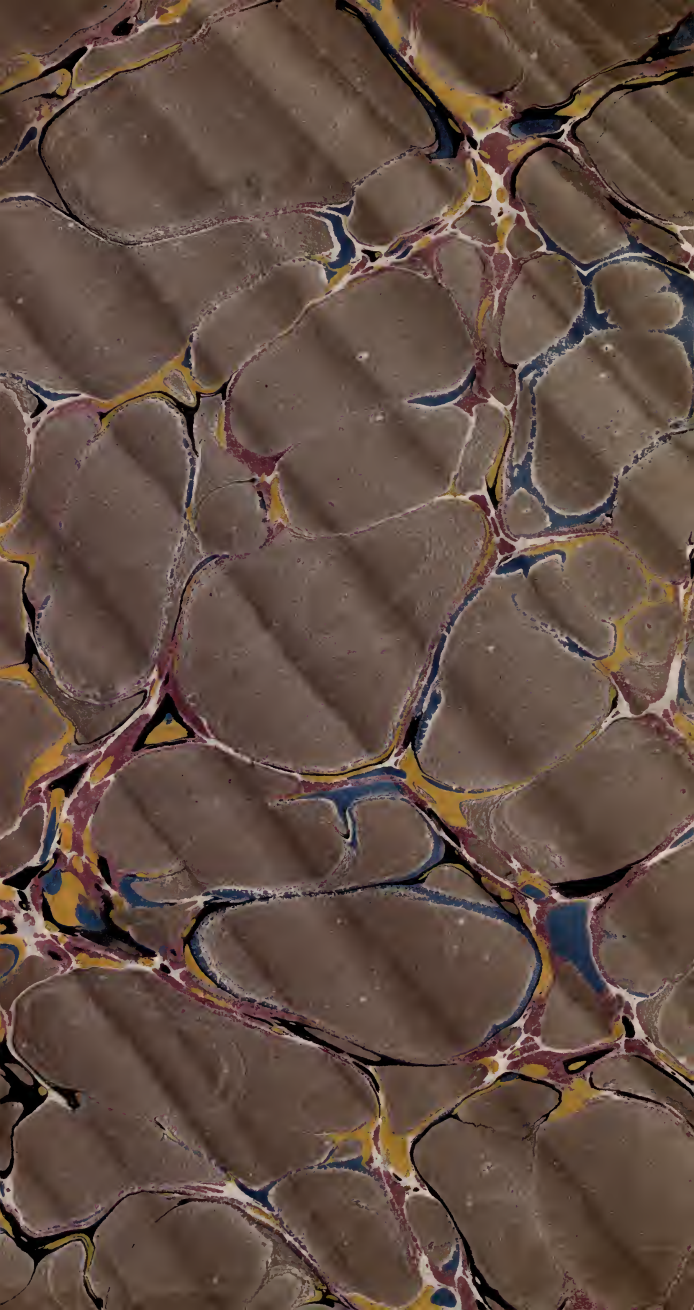

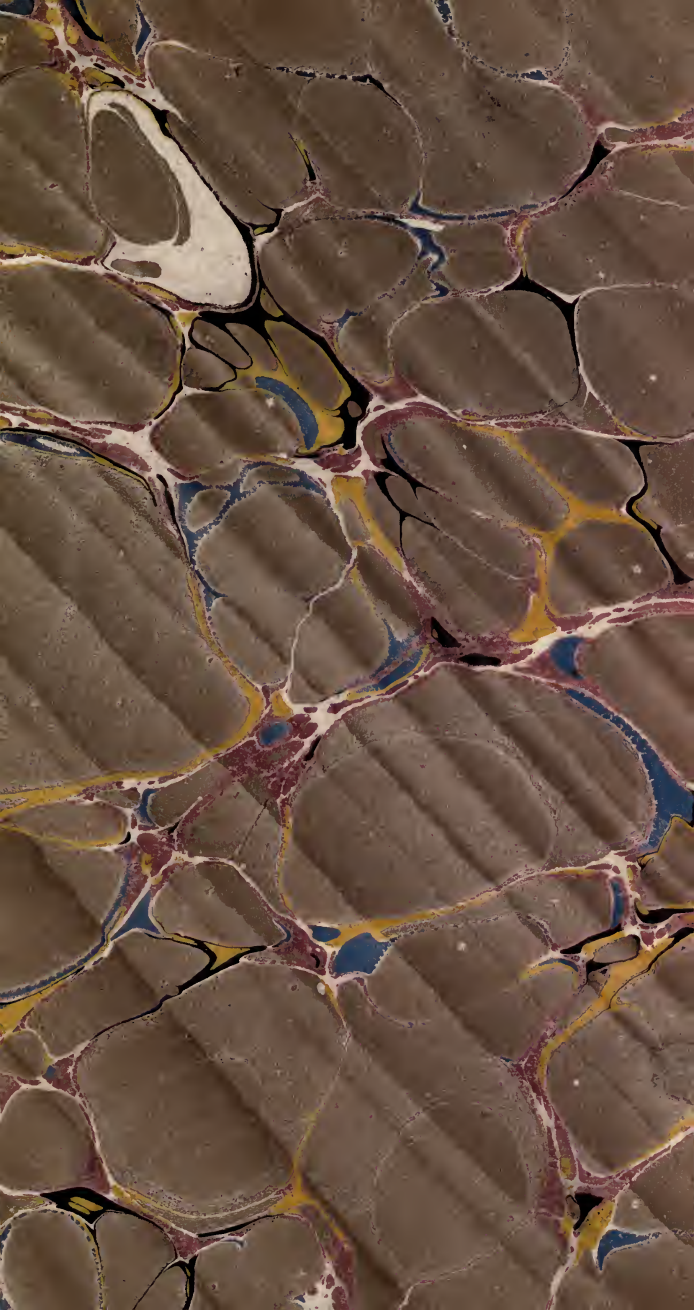

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THE

HEIDENMAUER;

OR THE BENEDICTINES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE PILOT," "THE BRAVO," &c.

"From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things could do?"
BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE HEIDENMAUER.

CHAPTER XXII.

" Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE constant moral sentinel that God hath set on watch in every man's breast, but which acts so differently in different circumstances, though, perhaps, in no condition of humiliation and ignorance does it ever entirely desert its trust, is sure to bring repentance with the sense of error. It is vain to say that this innate sentiment of truth, which we call conscience, is the

mere result of opinion and habit, since it is even more apparent in the guileless and untrained child than in the most practised man, and nature has so plainly set her mark upon all its workings, as to prove its identity with the fearful being that forms the incorporeal part of our existence. Like all else that is good, it may be weakened and perverted, or be otherwise abused; but, like every thing that comes from the same high source, even amid these vicious changes, it will retain traces of its divine author. We look upon this unwearied monitor as a vestige of that high condition from which the race fell; and we hold it to be beyond dispute, that precisely as men feel and admit its influence do they approach, or recede from, their original condition of innocence.

The destruction of the Abbey was succeeded by most of those signs which attend all acts of violence, in degrees that are proportioned to previous habits. Even they who had been

most active in accomplishing this long-meditated blow, began to tremble for its consequences; and few in the Palatinate heard of the deed, without holding their breaths like men who expected Heaven would summarily avenge the sacrilege. But in order that the thread of the narrative should not be broken, we will return to our incidents in their proper order, advancing the time but a few days after the night of the conflagration.

The reader will have to imagine another view of the Jaegerthal. There was the same smiling sun, and the same beneficent season; the forest was as green and waving, the meadows were as smooth and dark, the hill-sides as bright beneath the play of light and shade, while the murmuring brook was as limpid and swift, as when first presented to his eye in these pages. Not a hut or cottage was disturbed, either in the hamlets or along the travelled paths, and the hold of Hartenburg still frowned in feudal

power and baronial state, on the well-known pass of the mountains, gloomy, massive and dark. But the hill of Limburg presented one of those sad and melancholy proofs of the effects of violence which are still scattered over the face of the old world, like so many admonitory beacons of the scenes through which its people have reached their present state of comparative security ;—beacons that should be as useful in communicating lessons for the future, as they are pregnant with pictures of the past.

The outer wall remained unharmed, with the single exception of the principal gate, which bore the indelible marks of the smith's sledges; but above this barrier the work of devastation appeared in characters not to be mistaken. Every roof, and there had been fifty, was fallen; every wall, some of which were already tottering, was blackened, and not a tower pointed towards the sky, that did not show marks of the manner in which the flames had wreathed

around its slender shaft. Here and there, a small thread of white smoke curled upwards, losing itself in the currents of the air, resembling so many of the lessening symptoms of a volcano after an explosion. A small crucifix, which popular rumour said was wood, but which, in fact, was of painted stone, still kept its place on a gable of the ruined church; and many a peasant addressed to it his silent prayers, firm in the belief that God had protected this image of his sacrifice, throughout the terrors of the memorable night.

In and about the castle there appeared the usual evidences of a distrustful watch;—such ward as is kept by him who feels that he has justly become obnoxious to the hand of the constituted powers. The gates were closed; the sentinels on the walls and bastions were doubled; and, from time to time, signals were made that communicated with look-outs, so stationed on the hills that they could command

views of the roads which led towards the Rhine, beyond the gorge of the valley.

The scene in Duerckheim was different, though it also had some points of resemblance with that in the hold. There was the same apprehension of danger from without, the same watchfulness on the walls and in the towers, and the same unusual display of an armed force. But in a town of this description, it was not easy to imitate the gloomy reserve of baronial state. The citizens grouped together in the streets, the women gossiped as in all sudden and strong cases of excitement, and even the children appeared to reflect the uneasiness and indecision of their parents; for as the hand of authority relaxed in their seniors, most wandered idly and vaguely among the men, listening to catch such loose expressions as might enlighten their growing understandings. The shops were opened, as usual, but many stopped to discourse at the doors, while few entered;

and most of the artisans wasted their time in speculations on the consequence of the hardy step of their superiors.

In the mean time there was a council held in the town-hall. Here were assembled all who laid claim to civic authority in Duerckheim, with some who appeared under the claim of their services in the late assault upon the monks. A few of the anxious wives of the burghers, also, were seen collected in the more public rooms of the building; for domestic influence was neither covert nor trifling in that uxorious and simple community. We shall resume the narrative within the walls of this municipal edifice.

The Burgomaster and other chief men were much moved, by the vague apprehension which was the consequence of their hazardous experiment. Some were bold in the audacity of success; some doubted merely because the destruction of the brotherhood seemed too great a

good, to come unmixed with evil; some held their opinions in suspense, waiting for events to give a value to their predictions, and others shook their heads in a manner that would appear to imply a secret knowledge of consequences that were not apparent to vulgar faculties. The latter class was more remarkable for its pretension to exclusive merit than for numbers, and would have been equally prompt to exaggerate the advantages of the recent measure, had the public pulse just then been beating on the access. But the public pulse was on the decline, and, as we have said, seeing and understanding all the advantages that were to be hoped from the defeat of Bonifacius, uncertainty quickened most imaginations in a manner to conjure disagreeable pictures of the future. Even Heinrich, who wanted for neither moral nor physical resolution, was disturbed at his own victory, though if questioned he could scarcely have told the reason why. This un-

easiness was heightened by the fact, that most of his compeers regarded him as the man on whom the weight of the Church's and of the Elector's displeasure was most likely to fall, though it is more than probable that his situation would have been far less prominent had there been no question of any results but such as were agreeable.

This sort of distinction, so isolated in defeat, and so social in prosperity, is a species of revenge that society is very apt to take of all who pretend to be wiser or better than itself, by presuming to point the way in cases of doubtful expediency, or in presuming to lead the way in those that require decision and nerve. He alone is certain of an unenvied reputation who, in preceding the main body in the great march of events, leaves no very sensible space between him and his fellows; while he alone can hope for impunity, who keeps so near his backers as to be able to confound himself in the general

mass, when singularity brings comment and censure.

Heinrich fully felt the awkwardness of his position, and, just then, he would gladly have compounded for less of the fame acquired by the bold manner in which he had led the attack, in order to be rid of some of his anxiety. Still, a species of warlike instinct led him to put the best face on the affair, and when he addressed his colleagues, it was with cheerfulness in his tones, however little there might have been of that desirable feeling in his heart.

"Well, brethren," he said, looking around at the knot of well-known faces which surrounded him in the gravity of civic authority, "this weighty matter is, at length, happily, and, as it has been effected without bloodshed, I may say, peaceably over! The Benedictines are departed, and though the excellent Abbot hath taken post in a neighbouring abbey, whence he sends forth brave words to frighten those who

are unused to more dangerous missiles, it will be long before we shall again hear Limburg bell tolling in the Jaergerthal."

"For that I can swear," said the smith, who was among the inferiors that crowded a corner of the hall, occupying as little space as possible, in deference to their head-men;—"my own sledge hath helped to put the fine-tuned instrument out of tune!"

"We are now met to hear further propositions from the monks; but as the hour set for the arrival of their agent is not yet come, we can lighten the moments by such discourse as the circumstances may seem to require. Hast any thing to urge that will ease the minds of the timid, brother Wolfgang?—if so, of God's name, give it utterance, that we may know the worst at once."

The affinity between Wolfgang and Heinrich existed altogether in their civic relations. The former, although he coveted the anticipated

advantages that were to result from the down-fall of Limburg, had a constitutional deference for all superior power, and was unable to enjoy the triumph, without the bitterest misgivings concerning the displeasure of the Elector and Rome. He was aged, too, a fact that served to heighten the tremor of tones, that, by a very general convention, are termed raven.

"It is wise to call upon the experienced and wise, for council, in pressing straits," returned the old burgher; "for years teach the folly of every thing human, inclining us to look at the world with moderation, and with less love for ourselves and our interests."

"Brother Wolfgang, thou art not yet yielding so fast as thou wouldst have us believe," interrupted Heinrich, who particularly disliked any discouraging views of the future. "Thou art but a boy — the difference between us cannot be greater than some five-and-twenty years."

"Not that, not that;—I count but three-and-seventy, and thou mayest fairly number fifty-and-five."

"Thou heapest honours on me I little deserve, friend Wolfgang. I shall not number the days thou namest these many months, and Time marches fast enough without any fillips from us to help him. If I have yet seen more than fifty-four, may my fathers arise from their graves to claim the little they left behind, when they took leave of earth!"

"Words will make neither young, but I could wish we had found means to lay this unquiet spirit of Limburg, without so much violence and danger to ourselves. I am old, and have little interest in life, except to see those who will come after me happy and peaceful. Thou knowest that I have neither chick nor child, neighbour Heinrich, and the heart of such a man can only beat for all. 'Twere, indeed, folly in me to think of much else,

than of that great future which lies before us."

"Sapperment!" exclaimed the smith, who was disposed to presume a little on the spirit he had shown in the late attack.—"Worshipful Burgomaster, were Master Wolfgang to deal out some of his stores a little freely to the Benedictines, the whole affair might be quietly settled, and Duerckheim would be a quiet gainer. I warrant you now, that Bonifacius would be glad to receive a well-told sum in gold, without question or farther account, in lieu of his lodgings and fare in Limburg, of which he was only a life-tenant at best. At least such had been my humour, an' it had pleased Heaven to have made me a Benedictine, and Bonifacius a smith."

"And where is this gold to be had, bold-speaking artisan?" demanded the aged burgher, severely.

"Where but from your untouched stores,

venerable Wolfgang," answered the single-minded smith; "thou art old, father, and, as thou truly sayest, without offspring; thy hold of life is getting loose, and to deal with thee in frankness, I see no manner in which the evil may be so readily turned from our town."

"Peace, senseless talker! dost think thy betters have no other employment for their goods than to cast them to the winds, as thy sparks scatter at the stroke of the sledge! the little I have hath been gained with sore toil and much saving, and it may yet be needed to keep want and beggary from my door. Nay, nay, when we are young we think the dirt may be turned to gold; hot blood and lusty limbs cause us to believe man equal to any labour, ay, even to living without food; but when experience and tribulation have taught us truth, we come to know, neighbours, the value of pence. I am of a long-living stock, Heaven help us! and there is greater likelihood of my

yet becoming a charge to the town, than of my ever doing a tithe of that this heedless smith hath hinted."

"By St. Benedict, master! I hinted nought: what I said was in plain words, and it is this, that one so venerable for his years, and so respected for his means, might do great good in this strait! Such an act would sweeten the few days thou yet hast."

"Get thee away, fellow; thou talkest of death an' it were a joke. Do not the young go to their graves as well as the old, and are there not instances of thousands that have outlived their means? No, I much fear that this matter will not be appeased without mulcting the artisans in heavy sums;—but happily, most that belong to the crafts are young and able to pay!"

The reply of the smith, who was getting warm in a dispute in which he believed all the merit was on his own side, was cut short by a

movement among the populace, who crowded the outer door of the town-house; the burghers seemed uneasy, as if they saw a crisis was near, and then a beadle announced the arrival of a messenger from the routed community of Limburg. The civic authorities of Duerckheim, although assembled expressly with the expectation of such a visit, were, like all men of but indifferently regulated minds, taken by surprise at the moment. Nothing was digested, no plan of operations had been proposed, and, although all had dreamed for several nights of the very subject before them, not one of them all had thought upon it. Still, it was now necessary to act, and after a little bustle, which had no other object than an idle attempt to impose upon the senses of the messenger, by a senseless parade, orders were given that the latter should be admitted.

The agent of the monks was himself a Benedictine. He entered the hall, attended only by

the city-guard who had received him at the gate, with his cowl so far drawn upon his head as to conceal the features. There was a movement of curiosity, and the name of "Father Siegfried" was whispered from one to another, as each judged of the man by the exterior.

"Uncover, of Heaven's mercy! Father," said Heinrich, "and seat thyself as freely in the town-hall of Duerckheim, as if thou wert at thine ease in the ancient cloisters of Limburg. We are lions in the attack, but harmless as thy marble cherubs, when there is not occasion for your true manly qualities; so take thy seat, of God's name! and be of good cheer;—none will harm thee."

The voice of the Burgomaster lost its confidence as he concluded. The Benedictine was calmly removing the cowl, and when the cloth fell, it exposed the respected features of Father Arnolph.

"He that comes in the service of him I call

master, needeth not this assurance," answered the monk;—"still I rejoice to find ye in this mood, and not bent on maintaining an original error, by further outrages. It is never too late to see our faults, or yet to repair them."

"I cry thy mercy, Holy Prior! we had taken thee for a very different member of the fraternity, and thou art not the less welcome for being him thou art."

Heinrich arose respectfully, and his example was followed by all present. The Prior seemed pleased, and a glow, like that which a benevolent hope creates, passed athwart his countenance. With perfect simplicity he took the offered stool, as the least obtrusive manner of inducing the burghers to resume their seats. The experiment produced the effect he intended.

"I should pretend to an indifference I do not feel, were I to say, Heinrich Frey, that I come among you, men to whom I have often

administered the rites of the church during long and watchful years, without the wish to find that my ministrations are remembered."

"If there dwelleth knave in Duerckheim whose heart hath not been touched by thy good works, Father, the hound is without bowels, and unfit to live among honest people."

"Most true!" exclaimed the smith, in his audible by-play. "The Burgomaster doth us all justice! I never struck spark from iron, more freely than I will render respect to the most reverend Prior. His prayers are like tried steel, and next to those of him of the hermitage are in most esteem among us. Fill me an abbey with such men, and for one, I shall be ready to trust all our salvation to their godliness, without thought or concern for ourselves. Sapperment! could such a community be found, it would be a great relief to the laymen, and more particularly to your artisan, who might turn all his thoughts to his craft,

with the certainty of being watched by men capable of setting the quickest witted Devil at defiance !"

Arnolph listened to this digression with patience, and he acknowledged the courtesy and friendliness of his reception, by a slow inclination of the head. He was too much accustomed to hear these temporal applications of the spiritual interests of which he was a minister, to be surprised at any thing, and he was too meek on the subject of his own deserving, to despise any because they were weaker than himself. The christian religion seems to be divided into two great classes of worshippers; those who think its consolations are most palpable in their direct and worldly form, and those whose aspirations are so spiritualized, and whose thoughts are so sublimated as to consider it a metaphysical theory, in which the principal object is to preserve the logical harmony. For ourselves, we believe it

to be a dispensation from God, to those of his creatures who are fearfully composed of the material and immaterial, and that so far as it is connected with our probation here, it is never to be considered as entirely distinct from one or the other of the great attributes of our nature. It is evident that such were not the views of the honest smith, and it is probable, had the matter been thoroughly sifted, it would have been found that, as respects Duerckheim, he was altogether of the popular party.

"Thou comest, Father, like the dove to the ark, the bearer of the olive branch," resumed Heinrich; "though for our northern regions a leaf of the oak would more likely have been the emblem, had Ararat been one of these well-wooded hills of ours."

"I come to offer the conditions of our brotherhood, and to endeavour to persuade the misguided in Duerckheim to accept them. The holy abbots, with the right reverend

fathers in God, the Bishops of Spires and Worms, now assembled in the latter city, have permitted me to be the bearer of their terms, an office I have sought, lest another should forget to entreat and influence, in the desire to menace."

"Gott bewahre! thou hast done well, as is thy wont, excellent Arnolph! Threats are about as useful with Duerckheim, as holy water is in our Rhenish, both being well enough in their places; but he that cannot be driven must be led, and liquor that is right good in itself needeth no flavour from the Church. As for this old misunderstanding between Limburg of the one side, and the noble Count of Hartenburg with our unworthy town of the other, the matter may be said to be now of easy adjustment, since the late events have cleared it of its greatest difficulty; and so, from my heart, I wish thee joy of thy mission, and felicitate the town that it hath to treat with one so skilful

and so reasonable. Thou wilt find us in a friendly humour, and ready to meet thee half way, for I know not the man in Duerckheim that desireth to push the controversy a foot further, or who is not at heart content."

"No, that would be out of reason and charity," said the smith, speaking again among the auditors. "We ought to show these Benedictines an example of moderation, neighbours, and therefore for one, though no better than a poor artisan that gaineth his bread by blows on the anvil, do I agree with the worshipful Heinrich, and say, of God's name! let us be reasonable in our demands, and be content with as little as may be, in the settlement of our dispute."

The Prior listened patiently, as usual, but a hectic glowed, for an instant, on his cheek. It disappeared, and the benevolent blue eye was again seen shining amid features that the cloister and the closet had long since robbed of all other bloom. "Ye know, burghers of Duerck-

heim," he answered, "that in assailing the altars of Limburg ye set a double power at defiance;—that of the Church, as it is constituted and protected on earth, and that of God. My errand, at this moment, is to speak of the first. Our Father of Worms is sorely angered, and he has not failed to address himself directly and promptly to our Father at Rome. In addition to this reverend appeal, messengers have been dispatched to both the Elector and Emperor, as well as to divers of the Ecclesiastical Princes who rule on the banks of the Rhine. This is a fearful array of power to be met by a mountain baron, and a city whose walls can be measured by the leg in so short a time. But chiefly would I lay stress on the evil that may flow from the displeasure of the Head of the Church."

"And should he read the late exploit with severity, reverend Prior, what are we to look to, as its fruits?"

"To be denounced as excluded from the fold, and to be left to the wickedness and folly of your own hearts. In a word, excommunication."

"Umph!—this might prove a short way of recruiting the followers of Brother Luther! thou knowest, holy Arnolph, that men look more and more closely, every day, into these disputed points."

"Would that they looked with more humility and understanding! If ye consider the denunciations and benedictions of him to whom has been confided the authority to bless and to curse, as of little weight, no words of mine can heighten their effect; but all among ye who are not prepared to go the length that your Burgomaster hath just hinted, may deem it prudent to pause, ere they incur the heavy risk of living under such a weight of Heaven's displeasure."

The burghers regarded each other in doubt,

few among them being yet prepared to push resistance so far. Some inwardly trembled, for habit and tradition were too strong for the new opinions; some shrewdly weighed the temporal rather than the spiritual consequences, and others ruminated on the possibility of enduring the anathema in so good company. There are thousands that are willing to encounter danger in large bodies, who shrink from its hazards alone; and perhaps the soldier goes to the charge quite as much stimulated by the sympathy of association, as he is sustained by the dread of shame or the desire of renown. The civic counsellors of Duerckheim now found themselves in some such plight, and each man felt assurance or doubt, much as he happened to meet with either of those feelings expressed in the eyes of his neighbour.

"Have ye any less godly proposition to make," asked Heinrich, who perceived that the moral part of his civic support began to waver,

"for these are points in which we are better skilled, than on those that touch your doctrinal niceties?"

"I am commanded to say, that, as becomes their divine office, the brotherhood of Limburg are disposed to pardon and forget, inasmuch as duty will allow, the late act of Duerckheim, on conditions that may be named."

"Ay, this is christian-like, and will meet with a ready return in our dispositions. On our side, too, holy Prior, there is every wish to forget the past, and to look only to a quiet and friendly future—do I interpret the intentions of the town well, my neighbours?"

"To the letter! no clerk could do it better." —"Yes, we are of the community's mind; it is wise to live at peace, and to pardon and overlook," were ready answers to this appeal.

"Thou hearest, father! a better mood no minister or messenger need wish! Fore Heaven! we are all of one mind in this particular,

and I know not that the man would find safety in Duerckheim, who should talk of aught but peace!"

"It is to be mourned, that ye have not always been of this humour; I come not, however, to reproach, but to reclaim; not to defy, but to persuade; not to intimidate, but to convince. Here are the written propositions of the holy divines by whom I am charged with this office of mediator, and I leave it for a time to your private consultations. When ye shall have well digested this fit offer, I will come among ye in peace and friendliness."

The written proposals were received, and the whole assembly rose to do the Prior honour. As the latter left the hall, he asked permission of several of the burghers, among whom was Heinrich Frey, to visit their families, in the spirit of christian guardianship. The desired consents were obtained without demur or doubt, on the part of any; for what-

ever may be said or thought of the errors of public opinion, it is usually right where the means are possessed of at all giving it a true direction. The high estimation in which Arnolph was held, by the mere force of popular instinct, was never more plainly seen than on the present occasion, when even those who had so lately warred against the community, threw open their doors without reserve; though it was well known, that the late policy of the town had many a secret enemy, and many a bitter commentator, in that sex which is sometimes as slow to incite to violence and resistance, as at others it is thoughtless and hasty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"What well-appointed leader fronts us here?"
King Henry IV.

THE missive of the monks was written in Latin. At that period few wrote but the learned, and every noble or town was obliged to maintain a scholar to perform what are now the commonest duties of intercourse. The clerkly agent of Duerckheim had been educated for the Church, and had even received the tonsure; but some irregularities of life, which, as it would appear, were not within the pale of clerical privileges, or which had been so unguarded as to bring scandal on the pro-

fession, compelled him to give his destinies a new direction. As happens with most men who have expended much time and labour in qualifying themselves for any particular pursuit, and who are unexpectedly driven from its exercise, this individual, who was named Ludwig, and who was often ironically styled in common parlance Father Ludwig, never completely succeeded in repairing the injury done by the first false step he had made. His acquirements procured for him a certain amount of consideration; but as he was known to be somewhat free in his manner of life, and, especially as schism grew strong in Germany, a bold sceptic on most of the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church, he ever wore about his character some of that fancied looseness, which insensibly attaches itself to all renegades, whether their motives be more or less corrupt. Still, as he was known to be instructed, the multitude ascribed more virtue

to his secession than it would have imputed to the withdrawal from the fold of fifty sincere believers; for most believed there were means of judging that belonged to the initiated, which did not fall to the lot of those who worshipped in the outer court. We have daily proofs that this weakness reaches into the temporal interests of life, and that opinions are valued in proportion as there is believed to be some secret means of acquiring information; though men rarely conceal any thing that they know which may be revealed, and few indeed are disposed to "hide their lights under a bushel."

Ludwig forgot no part of the intonation or emphasis, while he uttered the unintelligible phrases of the monkish missive. His auditors listened the more attentively, because they did not understand a syllable of what was said; attention seeming usually to be riveted in an inverse ratio to the facilities of comprehension. Perhaps some of the higher dignitaries flattered

themselves that their inferiors might be duped into the belief of their attainments; a fact that could not fail to increase their influence, since there is no better evidence of the innate aspirations of our intellectual being, than the universal deference that is paid to knowledge. We have hazarded this supposition against the civic authorities of Duerckheim, because we believe it depends upon a general principle of human ambition; and because, in our own case, we well remember hearing out a sermon of more than an hour's duration delivered in Low Dutch, and in a damp church in Holland, when not a word, from the text to the benediction, was understood.

"Right learnedly worded, and no doubt of proper courtesy!" exclaimed Heinrich, when the letter was ended, and while the clerk was clearing his spectacles, preparatory to the more vulgar version—"It is a happy strife, neighbours, in which such language passes between

the parties; for it proves that charity is stronger than malice, and that reason is not forgotten merely because there have been blows!"

"I have rarely heard braver words," answered a fellow burgher, "or those that are better penned!"

"Potz-tausend!" muttered the smith; "it were almost a sin to dispossess men that can write thus!"

Murmurs of approbation passed through the crowd, and not an individual was there, with the solitary exception of a gaping idiot that had stolen into the hall, who did not affect to have received more or less pleasure from the communication. Even the idiot had his share of satisfaction, for, by the pure force of sympathy, he caught gleamings of a delight that seemed so strong and so general.

Ludwig now commenced translating the letter into the harsh, energetic, German of the Rhine. The wonderful capabilities of the lan-

guage enabled him to convert the generalities and comprehensive terms of the Latin, with a minuteness of signification, which put the loss of any shade of idea utterly out of the question.

What the monks had meant, and perhaps even more, was laboriously, and with malignant pleasure, rendered; and so rendered, as to give to each expression the fullest weight and meaning.

We have no intention of attempting the office of translating this harsh summons ourselves, but must be content with a brief summary of its contents. The instrument opened with a greeting that was not unlike those which were sent, in the first ages of the present dispensation, from the apostles to the churches of the east. It then contained a short but pointed narrative of the recent events, which were qualified in a way that the reader can easily imagine; it proceeded to refer to the spiritual

and temporal authorities from which the brotherhood had assurances of support; and it concluded by demanding, under the penalty of incurring every earthly and heavenly risk, an enormous sum in gold, as a pecuniary reparation for the injury done—a complete and absolute submission of the town to the jurisdiction of the community, even more than was ever before pretended to—a public and general acknowledgment of error, with a variety of penances and pilgrimages to be performed by functionaries that were named—and the delivery of Heinrich Frey, with eleven others of the principal inhabitants, into the Abbot's hands as hostages, until all of these exactions and conditions should be completely and satisfactorily fulfilled.

"Wh—e—e—e—w!" whistled Heinrich, when Ludwig ended, after a most provoking prolixity, that had completely exhausted the Burgomaster's patience. "Himmel! here is a

victory that is likely to cost us our means, our characters, our liberties, our consciences, and our ease! Are the monks mad, Master Ludwig, or art thou sporting with our credulity:—Do they really speak of hostages, and of gold?"

"Of a surety, worshipful Herr, and seemingly with a right good will."

"Wilt read the part touching the hostages again, in the Latin? thou mayest have indiscreetly overlooked a conjunction or a pronoun, as I think thou callest these notable figures of speech."

"Ay, it were well to judge of the letter by the Latin," echoed the smith; "one never knows the quality of his metal at the first touch of the hammer."

Ludwig read, a second time, extracts in the original, and, through a species of waggery, by which he often took a secret and consolatory

revenge for the indignities he frequently received from the ignorant, and which served him as food of merriment and as a vent to his confined humours in occasional interviews with others of his own class, he gave with singular emphasis the terms of greeting, which were, as usual, embellished with phrases of priestly benediction, as the part that especially demanded the prompt delivery of Heinrich Frey and his fellows into the hands of the Benedictines.

"Gott bewahre!" cried the Burgomaster, who had shifted a leg each time the clerk glanced an eye at him over his spectacles—"I have other concerns than to sit in a cell, and Duerckheim would fare but badly were the town left without so large a share of its knowledge and experience. Prithee, Master Ludwig, give us the kinder language of these Benedictines; for methinks there may be found

some words of peace in the blessings they bestow."

The crafty clerk now read, in the original, the strongest of the denunciations, and the parts of the letter which so peremptorily demanded the hostages.

"How now, knave!" said the hasty Burgomaster, "thou hast not been faithful in thy former readings! Thou hearest, neighbours, I am named especially in their benedictions; for you must know, worthy burghers, that Henricus means Heinrich, and Frey, well pronounced, is much the same in all languages. This I know from long experience in these cunning instruments. I owe the reverend Benedictines grace, for their good wishes, expressed with this particularity; though the manner in which they introduce the hostages is unseemly."

"I thought, when it came to the worst," muttered the smith, "that Master Heinrich would be considered with especial favour. This

it is, brother artisans, to be honoured in one's town, and to have a name!"

"There sounds a parley!" interrupted the Burgomaster. "Can these crafty monks have dared to trifle with us, by sending the choicest of their flock to hold us in discourse, while they steal upon us in armour?"

The idea was evidently unpleasant to most of the council, and to none more so than to the aged Wolfgang, whose years would seem to have given less value to his personal safety than to the rest. Many quitted the hall, while those that remained appeared to be detained more by their apprehensions than by their fortitude. Heinrich, who was constitutionally firm, continued the least undisturbed of them all, though even he went from window to window, like a man that was uneasy.

"If the godly villains have done this treachery, let them look to it—we are not vassals to be hoodwinked with a cowl!"

"Perhaps, worshipful and wise Heinrich," said the crafty Ludwig, "they send the trumpet in readiness to receive the hostages."

"The holy magi curse them, and their impudent long-winded musician!—How now, fellow—who maketh this tan—ta—ra—ra at our gate?"

"The noble Count of Hartenburg is at the valley side of the town, honourable Burgomaster, with a stout troop of mounted followers," announced the breathless runner, who came on this errand. "He chafes at the delay, but as the order to keep fast is so rigid, the captain of the watch dares not unbar and unbolt without permission had."

"Bid the valiant and faithful burgher undo his fastenings, o' heaven's name!—and right speedily. We should have bethought us, excellent neighbours, of the chances of this visit, and had a care that our princely friend were without this cause of complaint. But we

should rejoice too, that our people are so true, as to keep their trust even against one so known and honoured. I warrant ye, neighbours, were it the imperial Karl himself he would fare no better:—"

Heinrich was interrupted while vaunting and extolling the civic discipline, by the trampling of horses' feet on the pavement below the windows, and on looking out he saw Emich and all his *cortége* coolly alighting.

"Umph!" ejaculated the Burgomaster—"go forth, and do reverence to my Lord the Count."

The council awaited in deep silence the appearance of their visitor. Emich entered the hall with the assured step of a superior, and with a countenance that was clouded. He bowed to the salutations of the council, signed for his armed followers to await at the door, and walked himself to the seat which Heinrich had previously vacated, and which, in truth,

was virtually the throne of Duerckheim. Placing his heavy form in the chair, with the air of one accustomed to fill it, he again bowed, and made a gesture of the hand, which the burghers understood to be an invitation to be seated. With doubting faces the awed authorities submitted, receiving that permission as a boon which they were ready so lately themselves to urge as a civility. Heinrich looked surprised, but accustomed to pay great deference to his noble friend, he returned the bow and smile—for he was especially saluted with a smile—and took the second place.

"It was not well, my worthy townsmen, to close your gates thus churlishly against me," commenced the Baron; "there are rights and honours that ought to be respected, at all hours and seasons, and I marvel that this need be taught to the Duerckheimers by a Count of Leiningen. I and my train were held at *parlance* at your barriers, an' we had been so

many wandering gypsies, or some of the free-bands that sell their arquebusses and lances to the highest bidder !"

" That there may have been some little delay, my Lord Count—" answered Heinrich—

" Little, Burgomaster ! dost thou call that little which keeps a noble of Leiningen chafing at a gate, amid dust and heat, and gaping mouths ? Thou knowest not the spirit of our steeds, Herr Frey, if thou imaginest they like such sudden checks of the curb. We are of high mettle, horses and riders, and must have our way when fairly spurred !"

" There was every desire, nobly born Emich, to do you honour, and to undo our bolts as speedily as might be done ; for this end we were about to depute the necessary orders, when we were suddenly favoured with your gracious and high dispensing company. We doubt not that the captain of the watch reasoned with himself, and did that, of good intention and of

his own accord, which he would speedily have been called upon to do, by our commands."

"God's truth! that may not prove so true," answered Emich, laughing. "Our impatience was stronger than your bolts, and lest the same oversight might renew the inconvenience, we found means to enter with little formality."

"The burghers in general seemed greatly troubled, and Heinrich as greatly surprised. The Baron saw that enough had been said, for the moment, and assuming a more gracious mien, he continued in another strain:—

"Well, loving townsmen," he said, "it is now a happy week, since all our desires have been accomplished. The Benedictines are defeated, the Jaegerthal is at peace and under the sway of its rightful Lord, and yet the sun rises and sets as before, the heavens seem as smiling, the rains as refreshing, and all our hopes as reasonable, as of old! There is to be

no miracle in their behalf, Herr Heinrich, and we may fain sleep in peace."

"That may depend, Lord Count, on other humours than ours. Here are reports abroad that are any thing but pleasant to the ear, and our honest townsmen are troubled lest, after doing good service in behalf of their betters, they may yet be made to pay all the charges of the victory."

"Set their hearts at peace, worthy Burgomaster, for I have not thrust a hand into the ecclesiastical flame without thought of keeping it from being scorched. Thou knowest I have friends, and 'twill not be easy to put a Count of Leiningen to the ban."

"Nay, we doubt but little, illustrious noble, of your safety, and of your house's; our fear is for ourselves."

"Thou hast only to lean on me, Master Frey. When the tie between us shall be ex-

plained more clearly to the Emperor and the Diet, and when our loving wishes, as respects each other, shall be better understood, all will know that to strike Duerckheim is to aim a blow at me. Whence cometh this sudden fear, for last reports touching your condition, said that the town was firm of heart, and bent on joining Luther, rather than confess?"

"Sapperment! the heart must not always be judged by the countenance! Here is the smith, who is seldom of a bright visage, but were it said, that his heart is as black as his face, great injustice would be done the man."

A movement and a murmur betrayed the admiration of those who crowded the door, at this figure of the Burgomaster.

"Thou hast some reason for this sudden despondency?" rejoined the Count, glancing a look of indifference at the artisans.

Why, to speak the truth, Lord Emich, Bo-

nifacius hath sent us a missive, written in very fair Latin, and in a scholarly manner, that threatens us to a man with every Christian wish, from plagues to downright and incurable damnation!"

"And art thou troubled, Heinrich, at a scrawl of unintelligible words?"

"I know not what is to be understood, Herr Count, if a demand for Heinrich Frey, with eleven other of our most respected, as hostages, doubtless to be kept from their affairs in some convent cells, on hard fare, and hard penance, for weary months, be not plain! To this they add demands for gold, with pilgrimages, and penances, and other godly recreations."

"By whose hand got ye this?"

"By that of the honest Prior, a man of so much bowels, that I marvel he should be the bearer of a message so unwelcome and so uncharitable. But the best of us have our mo-

ments of weakness, for all are not always thoughtful or just."

"Ha! Arnolph is a-foot!—Hath he departed?"

"He tarries, my good lord; for look you, we have not yet determined on the fashion of our reply."

"Thou wouldst not have thought of sending answer, without taking counsel of me, Herr Frey!" said Emich, sharply, and much in the manner that a parent reproves his child. "I am luckily arrived, and the matter shall be looked to. Have ye bethought ye of the fitting terms?"

"No doubt all have bethought them much, though as yet, none have uttered their secret opinions. For one, I cry out loudly against all hostages, though none could be readier than I to undergo this risk to serve the town; but it is admitting an error in too plain evidence, and

carrieth with it a confession that our faith is not to be depended on."

This sentiment, which had long been struggling in Heinrich's breast, met with an audible echo in that of every one of the eleven who were likely, by situation and years, to be chosen for this honourable distinction; and every man among them uttered some proper phrase concerning the value of character, and the necessity of so demeaning themselves, as not to cheapen that of Duerckheim. Emich listened coolly, for it was of great indifference to him how much the burghers were alarmed, since their fears could only induce them the more to seek support from his interest and power.

"Thou hast then refused the conditions?"

"We have done nothing, Herr Count, but we have thought much and sorely, as hath just been said. I take it, the gold and the hostages will find but little favour among us; but, rather

than keep the Palatinate in a disturbed and insecure state, and as we are quiet burghers, who look to peace and the means of getting their bread, our answer may not be so short, could the matter be brought down to a few chosen penitents and pilgrimages. Though half of Brother Luther's mind in many things, it were well to get quit of even the chances of damnation, for a few sore feet and stripes, that might be so managed as to do little civic harm."

"By the lineage of my house! excellent Heinrich, thou dost but echo my thoughts. The Prior is a man with bowels, and this matter shall be speedily arranged. We must bethink us of the details, for these monks are close calculators, and on a time are said to have outwitted Lucifer. First, then, there shall be an offering of gold."

"Nay, my Lord Count will consider the means of our town!"

"Peace, honest Heinrich," whispered Emich,

leaning towards the place where the Burgomaster and two or three of the principal members of the council sat—"We have accounts from the Hebrews at Koeln, which say the Limburg treasures may be well applied, in this manner, to purchase a little peace. We will be liberal as becomes our names," he now spoke to all, "and not send the brotherhood naked into a world, which is getting every day less disposed to clothe them; we must drain our coffers rather than they should starve, and this point may be looked upon as settled. As for our penitents and pilgrims, the castle and the town shall equally furnish a share. I can send the lieutenant of my men-at-arms, who hath a nimble foot—Gottlob the cow-herd, to whom punishment is fairly due, on many general accounts—and others, doubtless, that may be found. What good, of this nature, can Duerckheim supply?"

"We are a homely people, high born Graf,

and having fewer virtues than our betters, are not so well-gifted either in vices. As becometh a middle state, we are content with no great excess in the one or the other of the more striking qualities; and yet I doubt not, neighbours, that at need there might be among us men, who would not fare the worse for wholesome correction and fitting penances?"

Heinrich looked about him, in an enquiring manner, while each burgher passed the investigation on to the next, as men forward a glance that they wish to think has no application to themselves. The crowd at the door recoiled a pace, and heads were turned curiously, and eyes roamed among the inferiors, with quite as much expression as had just been done by their superiors.

"There are delinquents, young and thoughtless varlets, who vex the town with their ribaldry and noise, that it might do to scourge with

the church's rod;" suggested the tremulous and aged Wolfgang.

"St. Benedict will be put off with none of these," bluffly answered the Burgomaster; "he must have men of substance and of some esteem, or the affair will be as far as ever from a happy conclusion. What thinkest thou, honest and patriotic Dietrich? Thou hast a constitution to endure, and a heart of iron."

"Tausend sex und Zwanzig!" returned the smith; "you little know all my ailings, most worshipful masters, if you think I am near this force! I have difficulties of breath, that are only at peace near the heat of the forge, and my heart gets soft as a feather on a journey. Then there is the wife and the young to wail my absence, and I am not scholar enough to repeat a prayer more than some six or ten times in a day."

This excuse did not appear to satisfy the

council, who, acting on that principle of exaction which is found among all people and in all communities, felt disposed to recollect the former services of the artisan, as a sort of apology for further claims on his exertions.

"Nay, for one that hath ever been so free at the wish of Duerckheim, this plea cometh with an ill grace," answered Heinrich, a sentiment that was audibly repeated in a general exclamation of discontent by all the other burghers.—"We expected other reply from thee!"

"Well, since the worshipful council expects—but there will be the wife and the young, with none to care for them!"

"That difficulty may be disposed of—thou hast six, if I remember, in thy household?"

"Ten, honourable Heinrich—not a mouth less than half a score, and all of an age to require much food and strong."

"Here are all but two of our dozen, in a word, noble Emich," promptly added the Bur-

gomaster; "and of a scriptural quality, for we are told, the prayers and sacrifices of the young and innocent are acceptable. Thanks, honest smith, and more than thanks: thou shalt have marks of a quality different from those left by the scourge. No doubt the others may be picked up among the useless and idle."

"Our affairs seem settled, loving burghers," answered the Count. "Leave me to dispose of the question of indemnity, and look ye to the penitents, and to the seemliness of the atonement. Ye may retire, ye that throng the way." —The mandate was hurriedly obeyed and the door closed.—"As for support at Heidelberg and Madrid," continued the Count, "the matter hath been looked to; and should the complaint be pushed beyond decency at Rome, we have always brother Luther as an ally. Bonifacius wanteth not for understanding, and when he looks deeper into our defences, and into the humour of the times, I know him for one that

will be disposed to stay an evil, before it becomes an incurable sore. These shaven crowns, Master Heinrich, are not like us fathers of families, much troubled for posterity; for they leave no name or blood behind them; and so long as we can fairly satisfy their present longings, the truce may be considered as more than half concluded. To strip a churchman of his hoardings, needeth but a bold spirit, a present bribe, and a strong hand."

The whole council murmured its approval of this reasoning, and the discussion now took a turn more inclining to the details.

Emich grew gracious and the burghers bolder. Some even laughed openly at their late apprehensions, and nearly all thought they saw a final settlement of this long disputed and serious question. The Prior, who had been engaged in visits of religious charity in the town, was soon summoned, and the Count

assumed the office of communicating the common answer.

The meeting between Emich and Father Arnolph was characteristic. It took place in the public hall, and in the presence of a few of the principal burghers. The Count was at first disposed to be haughty, imperious, and even repulsive; but the Monk was meek, earnest, and calm. The effect of this forbearance was quickly apparent. Their intercourse soon grew more courteous, for Emich, when not excited, or misled by the cupidity that disgraced the age, possessed most of the breeding of his peers. On the other hand, Arnolph never lost sight of his duties, the chiefest of which he believed to be charity.

"Thou art the bearer of the olive branch, holy Prior," said the Count, as they took their seats, after some little previous parley; "and pity 'tis that all who wear the cowl,

did not as well comprehend the pleasantest quality of their sacred characters. The world would grow less quarrelsome, and we who worship in the court of the temple, would be less disturbed by doubts touching those who lift its veil."

"I did not look to hold discussion of clerkly duties with thee, Lord Count, when my superior sent me on this errand to the town of Duerckheim," mildly answered the monk, indifferent to the other's wily compliments. "Am I, then, to consider the castle and the council as one?"

"In heart, humour, and interests,—I might add, also, in rights and sovereignty; for now all question of the Abbey is settled, the ancient temporal rule is replaced.—Say I well, loving burghers?"

"Umph!" ejaculated Heinrich. The rest bent their heads, though doubtingly, like men

taken by surprise. But Emich seemed perfectly satisfied.

"It is of no great moment who governs here, since the wrong done to God and our brotherhood must be repaired by those who have committed it. Hast thou examined the missive of the Abbeys, Herr Burgomaster, and art ready with the reply?"

"This duty hath been done, reverend Arnolph, and here is our answer. As for the letter, it is our mature opinion, that it hath been indited in a fair hand, and in very learned Latin, as befitteth a brotherhood of so much repute. We deem this more creditable, since there has been some late heavy losses in books, and he who did this might not have the customary aid of materials to which use had made him familiar. As for what hath been said in the way of greeting and benedictions, holy Prior, we are thankful, and most especially

for the part that is of thy share, which we esteem to be of particular unction; in mine own behalf, especially, would I thank all of the convent for the manner in which my name hath been introduced into their good wishes; though I must add it were better that he who wrote had been content to stop there, since these frequent introductions of private personages, in matters of general concernment, are apt to raise envy and other evil passions. As respecting, moreover, any especial pilgrimages and penances in my own person, I feel not the occasion, as would doubtless be the fact at need, since we see most men pricked on to these mortifications by their own consciences."

"The expiation is not sought for particular consolation, neither is it desired as a balm to the convent's wounds, but as a humble and a necessary atonement to God. In this view have we deemed it important to choose those

who are most esteemed among men, since it is before the eyes of mankind that the expiation must be made. I am the bearer of similar proposals to the Castle, and, by high ecclesiastical authority, am I charged to demand that its well-born Lord himself make these acknowledgments in his own person. The sacrifice of the honoured and innocent hath more flavour than that of the mean and wicked."

"Potz Tausend!" muttered Heinrich—"I see little use for leading a clean life with such doctrines and discipline!"

But Emich heard the proposal without a frown. Bold, haughty, and audacious, he was also deeply artful and superstitious. For years his rude mind had been tormented by conflicting passions—those of cupidity and religious dread; and now that the former was satisfied, he had begun to reflect seriously of appeasing his latent apprehensions in some

effectual manner. Plans of various expiatory offerings had already crossed his mind, and so far from hearing the declaration of the Benedictine with resentment, he entertained the idea with pleasure. It seemed an easy and cheap expedient of satisfying all scruples, for the re-establishment of the community on the hill of Limburg was a condition he knew to be entirely out of the question, in the present state of the public mind in Germany. In this humour, then, did he reply. The conference of course proceeded harmoniously, and it was protracted for several hours. But, as its results will be more regularly developed in the course of the narrative, we shall not anticipate events.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"In a strange land
Such things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grew up at home,
And in their place grafting goodwill to all—"

ROGERS.

IT is necessary to advance a few weeks in the order of time; a change that will bring us to the middle of the warm and generous month of July. The hour was towards the close of day, and the place and scenery such as it is now our duty to describe.

Let the reader imagine a high naked down, whose surface was slightly broken by irregu-

larities. Scarce a tree was visible over the whole of its bald face, though a few stunted shrubs betrayed the efforts of the earth to push forth a meagre vegetation. The air was pure, thin, and volatile, and, together with the soft blue of the void, denoted a great elevation above the vapours and impurities which linger nearer to regions that lie on the level of the sea. Notwithstanding these never-failing signs of a mountain country, here and there were to be seen distant peaks, that shot upward into the fierce light, glittering with everlasting frost. Along one side of this naked expanse, the land fell suddenly away, towards a long, narrow, sheet of water, which lay a thousand feet below. The shores of this lake, for such it was, were clothed with innumerable white dwellings, and garnished with hamlets and vineyards, while a walled town, with its towers and battlements, occasionally darkened the shores. But these were objects scarcely to be

seen, from the precise situation which we desire the mind of the reader to occupy. In the distant view, always in that direction, one favourably placed might have seen a vast range of undulating country, stretching towards the north and east, that had the usual characteristics of a region in which Alpine mountains begin gradually to melt into the plain. This region was beautified with several spots of dark blue, resembling so many deep reflections of the skies, which were sheets of limpid and tranquil water. Towards the south and west, the down was bounded by a natural wall of rude and grey rock, that rose, in nearly all its line, to the elevation of a mountain, and which shot up to a giddy height, near its centre, in two pointed cones, that, by their forms, coupled with other circumstances that shall be soon explained, had obtained the name of the 'Mitres.'

Near the barrier of mountain, and almost

directly beneath these natural mitres, was a small village, whose houses, constructed of wood, had the wide roofs, numerous windows, and the peculiar resin-like colour of Swiss habitations.

The place was a hamlet rather than a village, and most of the land around it lay at waste, like all that was visible for miles, in every direction. On a rising ground near the hamlet, from which it was separated merely by a large esplanade, or green as we should be apt to term the spot, stood one of those mazes of roofs, chimneys, and towers, which in that age, and indeed even now, mark a conventual pile. The edifices were large, complicated in their forms and order, and had been constructed without much architectural knowledge or taste; the air of the whole being that of rude but abundant wealth. In the centre was a church, or chapel, evidently of ancient existence and simple origin, though its quaint out-

lines were elaborately decorated, after the fashion of the times, by a variety of afterthoughts, and in a manner to show that means were not wanting to render the whole more magnificent, and that the fault of the construction lay rather in the first idea, than in any subsequent ability or inclination to repair it.

The site of this hamlet and down was in the celebrated Canton of Schwytz, a small district that has since given its name to the heroic confederation, that occupies so much of the country among and near the Western Alps. Its name was Einsiedlen; the monastic buildings belonged to a convent of Benedictines, and the church contained one of the shrines even then most in repute, after that of Loretto. Time and revolutions have since elevated our Lady of Einsiedlen, perhaps, to the very highest rank among the pilgrimages of the Catholic; for we have lately seen thousands crowding her altars, while we found the

Santa Casa abandoned chiefly to the care of its guardians, or subject to the casual inspection of curious heretics.

Having thus described the spot to which the scene is shifted, it is proper to refer to the actors.

At a point distant less than a league from the hamlet, and on the side of the open down just mentioned, which lies next to the steep ascent from the lake of Zurich, and in the direction of the Rhine, there came a group of travellers of both sexes, and apparently of all ages, between declining manhood and vigorous youth. They were afoot, wearing the garb and symbols of pilgrims. Weariness had caused them to lengthen their line, and they went in pairs, the strongest in front, the feeble and more fatigued in the rear.

In advance marched two men. One wore the gown and cowl of a Benedictine, while he carried, like the rest, the staff and wallet of

a pilgrim. His companion had the usual mantle decorated with scollop shells, and also bore his scrip and stick. The others had the same attire, with the usual exceptions that distinguish the sexes. They consisted of two men of middle age, who followed those in front; two of each sex in pairs, all still young and active; two females, who were in their prime, though wearied and sad; and a maiden, who dragged her limbs after them with a difficulty disproportioned to her years. At the side of the latter was a crone, whose infirmities and age had enabled her to obtain the indulgence of an ass, on which she was seated comparatively at her ease; though, by a license that had been winked at by the monk, her saddle was encumbered with the scrips of most of the female penitents. In the rear of all came two males, who seemed to form a sort of rear-guard to the whole party.

This group was composed of the Prior and

Emich, who led the van; of Heinrich, and Dietrich, the smith; of Gisela and Gottlob, with a youth and maiden from Duerckheim; of Ulrike and Lottchen; of Meta and Ilse, and of M. Latouche and the Knight of Rhodes. These were the penitents chosen to expiate the late offence to the majesty of God, by prayers and mortifications before the shrine of Einsiedlen. The temporal question had been partially put at rest, by the intrigues and influence of the Count, backed, as he was, by timely applications of gold, and by the increasing heresy that had effectually shaken the authority of the Church throughout all Germany, and which had sufficiently apprised the practised Bonifacius, and his superiors, of the expediency of using great moderation in their demands.

"St. Benedict make us thankful, holy father!" said the Count, as his gratified eye first beheld the long-wished-for roofs of the

convent.—"We have journeyed a weary distance; and this snail's pace, which, in deference to the weak, we are bound to observe, but little suits the impatience of a warrior, accustomed to steed and spur. Thou hast often visited this sacred shrine, pious Arnolph?"

The Monk had stopped, and with a tearful eye he stood gazing, in religious reverence at the distant pile. Then kneeling on the grass, he prayed; while the others, accustomed to these sudden demonstrations of zeal, gladly rested their limbs the while.

"Never before hath eye of mine greeted yon holy pile," answered the Prior, as they slowly resumed their journey; "though often, in night dreams, hath my soul yearned for the privilege!"

"Methinks, father, thou hast little occasion for penitence or pilgrimage:—thou, whose

life hath rolled on in deeds of christian charity and love."

"Each day brings its evil, and each day should have its expiation."

"Truly, not in marches over stony and mountain paths, like these we travel. Einsiedlen must have especial virtue, to draw men so far from their homes to do it honour. Hast the history of the shrine at command, reverend Prior?"

"It should be known to all christians, and chiefly to the pilgrim. I had thought thee instructed in these great events!"

"By the Magi! to speak thee honestly, Father Arnolph, the little friendship which hath subsisted between Limburg and my house, had given a disrelish for any Benedictine miracle, let it be of what quality it would; but now that we are likely to be so lovingly united, I could gladly hear the tale, which will at least serve to divert our thoughts from

a subject so grovelling as our own feet; for to conceal nothing, mine make most importunate appeals to be at rest!"

"Our journey draweth near its end; but, as thy request is reasonable, it shall be answered. Listen, then, Emich, and may the lesson profit thy soul! During the reign of the illustrious and warlike Charlemagne, who governed Gaul, with so much of our Germany and the country of the Franks, there lived a youth of the ancient family of Hohenzollern, branches of which still possess principalities and marches in the empire. The name of this learned and pious youth was Meinard. Early fatigued with the vanities of life, he sought a hermitage, nearer than this to the banks of that lake which we so lately crossed at Rapperschwyl. But, overburdened by the number of the curious and pious who visited his cell, the holy Meinard, after seven years of prayer, retired to a clear fountain, which

must still run near yonder church, where another cell and a chapel were built for him, expressly by command of Hildegarde, a royal lady, and the Abbess of a monastery in the town of Zurich. Here Meinard lived and here he died, filled with grace, and greatly blessed by godly exercises."

"Father, had he a profitable and happy end, in this wild region?"

"Spiritually, nothing could have been more desirable; temporally, nought more foul. He died by the hands of vile assassins, to whom he had rendered hospitality. The deed was discovered by means of two crows, who followed the murderers to Zurich, where they were taken and executed—at least, so sayeth tradition. In a later age, the holy Meinard was canonized by Benedict VIII. For nearly half a century, the cell of Meinard, though in great request as a place of prayer, re-

mained without a tenant; but at the end of that period, Beurun, a canon of the house of Burgundy, which house then ruled most of the country far and near, caused the chapel and cell to be repaired, replaced the image of the blessed Maria, and devoted his own life to the hermitage. The neighbouring Seigneurs and Barons contributed to endow the place, and divers holy men joined themselves to the service of the altar, from which circumstance the shrine obtained the name of our 'Lady of the Hermits,' its true appellation to this hour. It would weary thee to listen to the tale of miracles performed in virtue of their prayers, even in that early and less-gifted condition of the place; but its reputation so circulated, that many came from afar to see and to believe. In the process of time, a regular community was established, and the church thou seest was erected, containing in

its nave the original cell, chapel, and image of Saint Meinard. Of the brotherhood, Saint Eberhaud was named the Abbot."

"I had thought there was still higher virtue in the place!" observed Emich, when the Prior paused, and seemingly a little disappointed, for your deep sinner as little likes a simple dispensation, as the drunkard relishes small drinks.

"Thou shalt hear. When the buildings were completed, and it became necessary to consecrate the place, agreeably to the forms and usages of the Church, Conrad, Bishop of Constance, was invited to discharge the holy office. Here cometh the wonderful favour of Heaven! As Conrad of Constance, with other pious men, arose to pray, at midnight of the day appointed for the service, they suddenly heard divine music most sweetly chanted by angels. Though sore amazed and impressed, they were still sufficiently masters of

their reason to discover that the unseen beings sang the prescribed formula of the consecration, that office which they were preparing themselves to perform a few hours later. Satisfied with this especial and wonderful interference, Conrad would have abstained from repeating a service which had already been thus performed, but for the demands and outcries of the ignorant. But when, after hours of delay, he was about to yield to their impatience, a clear voice three times admonished him of the blasphemy, by saying, 'Cease, brother! thy chapel is divinely consecrated!' From that moment the place is so esteemed, and all our rites are performed as at a shrine of high behest and particular virtue."

Emich crossed himself devoutly, having listened in perfect faith, and with deep interest; for at that moment early impressions were stronger than the modern doubts.

"It is good to be here, father," he reve-

rently answered; "I would that Ermengarde, and all of my house, were at my side! But are there any especial favours accorded to those who come hither, in a fitting temper, in the way of temporal gifts or political considerations; since, being before a shrine so holy, I could fain profit by the sore pains and privations by which the grace is gained?"

The Prior seemed mortified, for, though he lent the faith required by the opinions of the age, to the tradition he had recounted, he was too well instructed in the true doctrines of his Church not to perceive the false bias of his companion's mind. The embarrassment caused a silence, during which the reader is to imagine that they passed on, giving place to other personages of the tale.

Before turning to another group, however, we desire to say distinctly, that, in relating the manner of the miraculous consecration of the chapel of 'Our Lady of the Hermits,' we have

wished merely to set the tradition before the reader, without inferring aught for or against its authenticity. It is well known that the belief of these supernatural interferences of Divine Power forms no necessary part of doctrine, even in that Church which is said to be the most favoured by these dispensations; and it ought always to be remembered, that those sects which impugn these visible and physical signs of Omnipotence, entertain opinions of a more purely spiritual character, that are scarcely less out of the course of ordinary and vulgar nature. In cases in which there exist so nice shades of distinction, and in which truth is so difficult of discovery, it is our duty to limit ourselves to popular facts, and as such have we given the history of Einsiedlen, its Abbey, and its Virgin. The opinion of Father Arnolph is the local opinion of our own times, and it is the opinion of thousands who, even now, yearly frequent the shrine.

Heinrich and the smith were the couple next to the Count and the Prior, and of course they were the next to cross the stage.

"It is no doubt much, or I may add altogether as you say, worshipful Burgomaster—"

"Brother Pilgrim;" ruefully interrupted Heinrich.

"I should have said, Brother Worshipful Pilgrim,—though, Heaven it knows, the familiarity goes nigh to choke me!—but it is much as you say, that whether we cling to Rome, or finally settle quietly into the new worship of Brother Luther, this journey ought, in all fairness, to be set down to our account, as of so much virtue; for, look you, brother worshipful, it is made at the cost of Christian flesh and blood, and therefore should it be savory, without much particularity concerning mere outward appearances. I do not think, were truth spoken, that wielding the

sledge a twelvemonth would have done this injury to my feet!"

"Have mercy on thyself and me, good smith, and think less of these trifling grievances. What Heaven wills must happen, else would one of thy merit have risen higher in the world."

"Thanks, Worshipful Brother Pilgrim and Burgomaster; I will bethink me of resignation, though these wire-drawn pains are never to the liking of your men of muscle and great courage. A knock o' the head, or the bullet of an arquebuse gives us less uneasiness than smaller griefs much endured. Were things properly governed, the penances and pilgrimages, and other expiations of the Church, would be chiefly left to the women."

"We shall see hereafter how Luther hath ordered this: but having ourselves embarked in this journey for the good of Duerckheim,

to say nothing of our own souls, it behoveth us to hold out manfully; a duty the more easily performed, as we can now see the end of it. To speak thee fair, Dietrich, I do not remember ever to have beheld Benedictine abode with so much joy, as this we see at yonder mountain's foot!"

"Be of cheer, most honourable and excellent brother worshipful pilgrim; the trial is near its end, and if we come thus far to do this honour to our own community, why,—Himmel! it is but the price paid for getting rid of another!"

"Be of cheer, truly, brother smith, for it is but some kneeling, and a few stripes that each is to apply to his own back; after which the return will reasonably be more joyous than the advance."

Encouraged by each other, the devotees hobbled on, their heavy massive frames yielding at every step, like those of overgrown

oxen which had been but indifferently shod. As they passed by, their places were filled by the four, of whom Gisela and Gottlob formed a part. Among these, the discourse was light and trifling, for bodily fatigue had little influence on the joyous buoyancy of such spirits; especially at a moment when they saw before them the immediate termination of their troubles. Not so with those who came next: these were Ulrike and her friend, who moved along the path, like those who were loaded with griefs of the soul.

"God is among these hills, as he is on our plains, Lottchen!" said the former, continuing the discourse. "Yon temple is his shrine, as was that of Limburg; and it is as vain for man to think of forgetting him on earth, as it would be to invade him in that Heaven which is his throne! What he doth is wise, and we will endeavour to submit."

The words of Ulrike were perhaps more

touched with resignation than her manner. The latter, though subdued, was filled with sorrow, and her voice was tremulous nearly to tears. Though the exhibition of her melancholy was deep and evident, it was of a character which denotes no extinction of hope. On the other hand, the features, eye, and entire manner of her friend, bore the heavy and fatal impress of incurable woe.

"God is among these hills!" repeated Lottchen, though she scarce seemed to hear the words; "God is among these hills!"

"We approach a much esteemed shrine, dearest Lottchen: the Being, in whose name it hath been raised, will not permit us to depart from it unblessed."

"We shall be blessed, Ulrike!"

"Thou dwellest hopelessly on thy loss, my Lottchen! Would thou had less thought of the past, and more of the future!"

The smile with which the widow regarded her friend was full of anguish.

" I have no future, Ulrike, but the grave !"

" Dearest Lottchen !—we will speak of this holy shrine !"

Emotion smothered her voice.

" Speak of what thou wilt, my friend," answered the childless widow, with a frightful calm. " I see no difference in subjects."

" Lottchen ! — not when we discourse of Heaven !"

The widow bowed her vacant eyes to earth, and they passed on. Their footsteps were succeeded by those of the beast ridden by Ilse, and by the faltering tread of Meta.

Ay,—yon is the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits !" said the former; " a temple of surpassing virtue ! Well, Heaven is not in churches and chapels, and that of Limburg may yet be spared; and more especially as the

brotherhood were far from being of unexceptionable lives. Keep up thy heart, Meta, and think not of weariness, for not a pain dost thou now bear, that will not be returned to thee, another day, in joy, or in some other precious gift. This is Heaven's justice, which is certain to requite all equally, for good or evil. Well-a-day!—it is this certainty that comforteth the godly, and giveth courage to the tottering."

She spoke to an insensible listener. The countenance of Meta, like that of Lottchen, expressed hopelessness, though it were in less palpable and certain signs. The eye was dull but wandering, the cheek pale, the mouth convulsive and at times compressed, the step languid, and the whole being of this young and innocent creature, seemed wasting under a premature and unnatural blight! She looked at the convent with indifference, though it brought relief to her bodily pains. The mountains rose dark and rugged near, or glittered in the

distance like hills of alabaster, without giving birth to a single exclamation of that delight, which these scenes are known to excite in young breasts; and even the pure void above was gazed at, though it seemed to invite to a more tranquil existence, with vacuity and indifference.

"Ah's me!" continued Ilse, whose observation rarely penetrated beyond her own feelings, and whose tongue was never known to wax weary.—"Ah's me! Meta! Oh! it must be a wicked world that needs all these pilgrimages and burnings.—But they are only types, child, of the past and of the future; of the 'has been,' and of the 'to come.' First, life is a pilgrimage and a penance: though few of us think so while journeying on its way, but so it is to all; especially to the little favoured—but a penance it is, by means of our ailings and other infirmities, particularly in age; and therefore do I bear with it cheerfully, since

penances are to be borne; and the burnings of convents and villages are types of the burnings of the wicked. Thou dost not answer, child?"

"Dost think, nurse, that they who die by fire are blessed?"

"Of what art speaking, Meta!—Poor Berchthold Hintermayer perished, as thou knowest, in the flames of Limburg; so did Father Johan, and so did one, far more evil than either! —Oh! I could reveal secrets, an' I had not a prudent tongue!—But wisdom lieth in prudence, and I say nought: therefore, Meta, be thou silent."

"I will obey thee, nurse."

The tones of the girl trembled, and the smile with which she gladly acquiesced in the demand of Ilse, was such as the sinking invalid gives the kind attendant.

"Thou art dutiful, and it is a merit. I never knew thee more obedient, and less given

to merriment or girlish exclamations, than on this very pilgrimage; all of which shows that thy mind is in a happy state for these holy offices. Well-a-day!—the pious Arnolph has halted, and now we are about, in sooth! to reap the virtue of all our labours. Oh! an' I had been a monk, thou wouldst have had a leader!"

Ilse beat the sides of the patient animal she rode, and Meta toiled after, as well as her trembling limbs permitted. The Knight and the Abbé came last.

"Thou hast made many of these pious expiations, reverend Abbé?" observed the former, when they had risen the hill, which commanded a view of the convent.

"Never another! Had not chance made me an innocent participator in the destruction of Limburg, this indignity would have been spared."

"How! callest thou a pilgrimage, and prayer

at a shrine, an indignity? — thou, a churchman!"

"Gallant Knight, I speak to thee as to a comrade of many days, and of weary passages; as one enlightened. Thou knowest the constitution of earth, and the divers materials that compose society. We have doctrines for all; but practises must be mitigated, like medicaments to the sick. Your pilgrimage is well enough for the peasant or the citizen, or even for your noble of the provinces; but their merit is much questioned among us of the capitals — unless, indeed, there should mingle some hope for the future. But penance for deeds accomplished we hold to be supererogatory."

"By my rapier! no such doctrine was in vogue at Rhodes, where all ordinances were much respected, and uniformly admitted."

"And had ye then these familiar practices of religion in your daily habits, Sir Knight?"

"I say not in practice, but ever in admission.

Thou knowest the distinction, Sir Abbé, between the purity of doctrine and some constructions of practice."

"That doubtless. Were we to tie the gentle down to all the observances and exactions of a severe theory, there would grow up numberless inconveniences. For myself, had it been possible to preserve the ecclesiastical character, without penance, under the odium of this unhappy but accidental visit to our host the Count, I could have dispensed with the last act of the drama."

"'Tis whispered, Herr Latouche, my cousin bethought him that the presence of an ecclesiastic might prove a cloak to his intentions, and that we owe the pleasure of thy agreeable society to a policy that is deeper than chance!"

Albrecht of Viederbach laughed as he intimated this ruse of Emich; and his companion, who had long perceived how completely he had been the dupe of his host—for, in truth, he

knew nothing previously of the intended assault —was fain to make the best of his situation. He laughed in his turn, as the loose of principle make light of any misadventure that may happen to be the consequence of their laxity of morals; and pressing each other on their several parts in the late events, the two proceeded leisurely towards the spot where the Prior and Emich, as leaders of the party, had now come to a halt. We shall profit by the occasion to make some necessary explanations.

We are too much accustomed in this Protestant country, to believe that most of the piety of those who profess the religion of Rome consists in externals. When the great antiquity of this Church shall be remembered, as well as the general tendency in the early ages to imitate the forms and habits of their immediate predecessors, it should not occasion surprise if some observances were retained that cannot very clearly be referred either to apostolic authority

or to reason. The promulgation of abstract truth does not necessarily infer a departure from those practices which have become of value by use, even though they may not materially assist in the attainment of the great end. We have inherited many of the vestments and ceremonies which are retained in the Protestant churches from Pagan priests; nor is there any sufficient motive for abandoning them, so long as they aid the decencies of worship without weakening its real objects. The Pagans themselves probably derived some of these very practices from those whom we are taught to believe held direct communion with God, and who should have best known in what manner to render human adoration most acceptable to the Ruler of the universe.

In this country, Catholicism, in its limited and popular meaning, is no longer Catholic, since it is in so small a minority as to have no perceptible influence on the opinions or customs

of the country. The outward symbols, the processions, and all the peculiar ceremonies of the Romish Church, are confined to the temples, and the eye rarely or never meets any evidence of its existence beyond their walls. But in Europe the reverse is altogether the case, more particularly in those countries in which the spiritual sway of the head of the Church has not been interrupted by any adventitious changes, proceeding from political revolutions or other powerful causes. The crucifix, the spear, the cock, the nails, and the sponge, are erected at cross-roads; chapels dedicated to Mary are seen near many a spring, or at the summit of some weary mountain—while the usual symbols of redemption are found scattered along the highways, marking the site of some death by accident, or the scene of a murder.

In no part of the other hemisphere are these evidences of faith and zeal more common than

in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland. Hermitages are still frequent among the rugged rocks of that region; and it is usual to see near these secluded abodes a sort of minor chapel, that is termed, in ordinary language, a "station." These stations are so many tabernacles raised by the way side, each containing a representation of one of the twelve sufferings of Christ. They are met equally on the side of Vesuvius, overlooking the glorious sea and land of that unequalled country — among the naked wastes of the Apennines, or buried in gorgeous groves, as accident may have determined their location. In some of the valleys of Switzerland these little tabernacles dot the mountain side for miles, indicating by zig-zag lines and white walls the path that leads from the village beneath to some shrine, that is perhaps perched on the pinnacle of a naked rock, or which stands on a spur of the nearest range.

The shrine of Einsiedlen possessed the usual

number of these tabernacles, stretching along the path that communicated with the Lake of Zurich. They were designated in the customary manner, each alluding to some one of those great personal afflictions that preceded the crucifixion, and each having sentences of holy writ to incite the pious to devotion. Here the pilgrims ordinarily commenced the worship peculiar to the place, and it was here that the Prior now awaited his companions.

CHAPTER XXV.

" Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state."

CHATTERTON.

WHEN all were arrived, the pilgrims divided themselves along the path, some kneeling before one tabernacle and some at another. Ulrike and Lottchen, followed by the pallid Meta, prayed long at each in succession. The other females imitated their example, though evidently with less zeal and earnestness. The Knight of Rhodes and Monsieur Latouche limited their observances to a few genuflexions, and much rapid crossing themselves with the

fingers, appearing to think their general professions of faith possessed a virtue that superseded the necessity of any extraordinary demonstrations of piety. Heinrich and the smith were more particular in showing respect for the prescribed forms: the latter, who was secretly paid by his townsmen for what he did, feeling himself bound in honour to give them the worth of their money, and the Burgomaster, in addition to his looking for great temporal advantages from the whole affair, being much influenced by paternal regard for Duerckheim. As for Ilse, none was more exact than she; and, we may add, none more ostentatious.

"Hast bethought thee, Dietrich, to say an extra word in behalf of the general interests?" demanded Heinrich, while he patiently awaited the removal of the other, from before the last tabernacle, in order to assume the post himself.

"Nay, worshipful Burgomaster—"

"Brother Pilgrim, good smith!"

" Nay, worshipful Brother, and good Pilgrim, there was no question of this duty in the understanding."

" Himmel! Art such a hound, Dietrich, as to need a bribe to pray in thine own interest? Do that thou hast promised, for the penance, and in the interest of the monks, and then bethink thee, like an honest artisan, of the town of which thou art a citizen. I never rise from my knees without counting a few beads on the score of Duerckheim, and others for favour on the family of Frey."

" I cry you mercy, honourable Heinrich and excellent brother Pilgrim; the wish is reasonable and it shall be performed."

The smith then counted off his rosary, making place for the Burgomaster as soon as he could conveniently get through with the duty. In the mean time, Arnolph had prayed devoutly, and with sincere mental abasement, before each station.

The pilgrims then arranged themselves in two lines, a form of approaching the convent of Einsiedlen that is still observed by thousands annually; the men placing themselves on the right of the path in single files, and the females on its left, in a similar order. Arnolph walked a-head, and the whole proceeded. Then began the repetition of the short prayers aloud.

Whoever has wandered much through this remarkable and wild country, must have frequently met with parties of pilgrims, marching in the manner described, and uttering their aspirations in the pure air, as they ascend to, or descend from, the altar of "our Lady of the Snow," on the Rhigi, or wend their way among rocky and giddy paths, seeking or returning from some other shrine. We know of no display of human worship that is more touching or impressive than this. The temple is the most magnificent on earth, the air is as limpid as mountain torrents and a high region can bestow,

while sound is conveyed to the ear, in its clearest and most distinct tones, aided perhaps by the echoes of dells that are nearly unfathomable, or of impending masses that appear to prop the skies. Long before the party is seen, the ear announces its approach by the music of the prayers; for music it is in such a place, the notes alternating regularly between the deep bass of the male to the silvery softness of the female voice.

Such was now the effect produced by the advance of our party from the Palatinate. Father Arnolph gave the lead, and the powerful lungs of Heinrich and the smith, though much restrained, uttered the words in tones impressively deep and audible. The response of the women was tremulous, soft, and soothing. In this manner did they proceed for a mile, when they entered the street of the hamlet.

An express had announced to the community of Einsiedlen the approach of the German

penitents. By a singular perversion of the humble doctrines of the founder of the religion, far more importance was attached to the expiations and offerings of princes, and of nobles of high degree, than to those which proceeded from sources that were believed to be meaner. All the dwellers of the hamlet, therefore, and most of the others that frequented the shrine, were abroad to witness this expected procession. The name of Emich was whispered from ear to ear, and many curious eyes sought the form of the powerful baron, under the guise common to the whole party. By general consent, after much speculation, the popular opinion settled on the person of the smith, as on the illustrious penitent; a distinction which Dietrich owed to the strength of his lungs, to some advantage in stature, and particularly to the zeal which, as a hireling, he thought it just to throw into his air and manner.

Among the other traditions that serve to

give a popular celebrity to the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits, is one which affirms that, on an occasion it is unnecessary to relate, the Son of God, in the form of man, visited this favoured shrine. He is said to have assuaged his thirst at the fountain which flows, with Swiss purity and profusion, before the door of the building; and as the clear element has been made to run through different metal tubes, it is a custom of the pilgrims, as they arrive, to drink a hasty swallow at each, in order to obtain the virtue of a touch so revered. There was also a plate of silver, that had marks which were said to have been left by the fingers of Jesus, and to these it was the practice to apply the hand. The former usage is still universal, though modern cupidity has robbed the temple of the latter evidence of the reputed visit, in consequence of the value of the metal which bore its memorial.

Arnolph halted at the fountain, and, slowly

making its circuit, drank at each spout. He was followed by all of his companions. But he passed the silver plate, and entered the building, praying aloud until his foot was on the threshold. Without stopping, he advanced and knelt on the cold stones before the shrine, fastening his eye the while on the carved image of Mary. The others imitated his movements, and, in a few minutes, all were kneeling before the far-famed chapel of the Divine Consecration.

The ancient church of Einsiedlen (for the building has since been replaced by another still larger and more magnificent) had been raised around the spot where the cell of Saint Meinard originally stood. The chapel, reputed to have been consecrated by angels, was in this revered cell, and the whole stood in the centre of the more modern edifice. It was small, in comparison with the pile which held it, but of sufficient size to admit of an

officiating priest, and to contain many rich offerings of the pious. The whole was encased in marble, blackened by time and the exhalations of lamps; while the front, and part of the sides permitted a view of the interior through openings that were protected by gratings curiously and elaborately wrought.

In the farther and dark extremity of this sacred chapel were the images of the Mother and Child. Their dresses, as is usual at all much-worshipped shrines, were loaded with precious stones and plates of gold. The face of each had a dark and bronzed colour, resembling the complexion of the far east, but which, probably, is a usage connected with the association of an origin and destiny that are superhuman. The whole was illuminated by strong lights, in lamps of silver-gilt, and the effect, to a mind indisposed to doubt, was impressive, and of a singularly mysterious influence. Such was the shrine of our Lady

of the Hermits at the time of our tale, and such it continues to be to this day, with some immaterial additions and changes, that are more the results of time than of opinion.

We have visited this resort of Catholic devotion in that elevated region of hill and frost; have strolled, near the close of day, among its numerous and decorated chapels; have seen the bare-kneed peasant of the Black Forest, the swarthy Hungarian, the glittering-eyed Piedmontese, and the fair-haired German, the Tyrolese, and the Swiss, arrive, in groups, wearied and foot-sore; have watched them drinking with holy satisfaction at the several spouts, and, having followed them to the front of the altar, have wondered at the statue-like immovability with which they have remained kneeling, without changing their gaze from that of the unearthly-looking image that seemed to engross their souls. Curiosity led us to the spot alone, and at no moment of a pilgrimage

in foreign lands, that has now extended to years, do we remember to have felt so completely severed from all to which we were most accustomed, as at that hour. The groups arrived in scores, and, without pausing to exchange a greeting, without thought of lodging or rest, each hurried to the shrine, where he seemed embodied with the stone of the pavement, as, with riveted eye and abased mien, he murmured the first prayers of expiation before the image of Mary.—But to return to the narrative.

For the first hour after the arrival of the expected pilgrims of Duerckheim, not a sign of recognition, or of grace, was manifested in the convent. The officials came and went, as if none but of common character made their expiations; and the fixed eye and swarthy face of the image seemed to return each steady gaze with supernatural tranquillity. At length Arnolph arose, and, as if his movements were

watched, a bell rang in a distant aisle. A lateral door, which communicated with the conventual buildings, opened, and the whole brotherhood issued through it into the body of the church. Arnolph immediately kneeled again, and, by a sign, commanded his companions to maintain their places. Though grievously wearied with their positions, the men complied, but neither of the females had yet stirred.

The Benedictines of Einsiedlen entered the church, in the order that has been already described in the processions of Limburg. The junior monks came first, and the dignitaries last. In that age, their Abbot was commonly of a noble and ancient, and sometimes of a princely house; for, in maintaining its influence, the Church has rarely been known to overlook the agency of those opinions and prejudices that vulgarly exist among men. In every case, however, the prelate who presided

over this favoured community, possessed, in virtue of his office, the latter temporal distinction, being created a mitred Abbot and a Prince of the Empire on the day of his consecration.

During the slow advance of the long line of monks that now drew near the shrine, there was a chant in the loft, and the deep organ accompanied the words, on a low key. Even Albrecht and the Abbé were much impressed, while Emich fairly trembled, like one that had unwittingly committed himself into the hands of his enemies.

The head of the train swept round the little chapel, and passed with measured steps before the pilgrims. The Prior and the females only prayed the more devoutly, but neither the Count nor the Burgomaster could prevent their truant eyes from watching the movement. Dietrich, little schooled in his duties, fairly arose, and stood repeating reverences to the

whole fraternity as it passed. When the close drew near, Emich endeavoured to catch a glance of the Abbot's eyes, hoping to exchange one of those secret signs of courtesy, with which the initiated, in every class of life, know how to express their sympathies. To his confusion, and slightly to his uneasiness, he saw the well-known countenance of Bonifacius, at the side of the dignitary who presided over the brotherhood of Einsiedlen. The glances of these ancient and seemingly irreconcileable rivals, were such as might have been anticipated. That of Bonifacius was replete with religious pride, and a resentment that was at least momentarily gratified, though it still retained glimmerings of conscious defeat; while that of Emich was fierce, mortified, and alarmed, all in a moment.

But the train swept on, and it was not long ere the music announced the presence of the procession in the choir. Then Arnolph again

arose, and, followed by all the pilgrims, he drew near to listen to the vespers. After the prayers, the usual hymn was sung.

"Himmel! master brother Pilgrim," whispered the smith to the Burgomaster, "that should be a voice known to all of Duerckheim!"

"Umph!" ejaculated Heinrich, who sought the eye of Emich. "These Benedictines sing much in the same strain, Herr Emich, whether it be in Limburg, or here in the church of our Lady of the Hermits."

"By my Fathers! Master Frey, but thou sayest true! To treat thee as a confident, I little like this intimate correspondence between the Abbots, and, least of all, to see the reverend Bonifacius enthroned here, in this distant land, much as he was wont to be in our valley. I fear me, Burgomaster, that we have entered lightly on this penance!"

"If you can say this, well-born Emich,

what should be the reply of one that hath wife and child, in addition to his own person, in the risk! It would have been better to covet less of Heaven, the least portion of which must naturally be better than the best of that to which we are accustomed on earth, and to be satisfied with the advantages we have. Do you note, noble Count, the friendly manner in which Bonifacius regards us from time to time?"

"His favours do not escape me, Heinrich;—but, peace! we shall learn more, after the vespers are ended."

Then came the soothing power of that remarkable voice. The singer had been presented to the convent of Einsiedlen, by Bonifacius, to whom he was now useless, as a boon that was certain to give him great personal favour: and so it had proved; for in those communities, that passed their lives in the exercise of the offices of the Church, the different shades of excellence in the execution, or the greater external

riches and decorations of their several shrines, often usurped the place of a nobler strife in zeal and self-denial. The ceremony now ended, and a brother approaching whispered Father Arnolph. The latter proceeded to the sacristy, attended by the pilgrims, for it was forbidden, even to the trembling Meta, to seek refreshment or rest, until another important duty had been performed.

The sacristy was empty, and they awaited still in silence, while the music of the organ announced the retiring procession of the monks. After some delay, a door opened, and the Abbot of Einsiedlen, accompanied by Bonifacius, appeared. They were alone, with the exception of the treasurer of the abbey; and as the place was closed, the interview that now took place, was no longer subject to the vulgar gaze.

"Thou art Emich, Count of Hartenburg-Leiningen," said the prelate, distinguishing the

noble, spite of his mean attire, by a single glance of an eye accustomed to scan its equals; —"a penitent at our shrine, for wrongs done the Church, and for dishonour to God?"

"I am Emich of Leiningen, holy Abbot!"

"Dost thou disclaim the obligation to be here?"

"And a penitent;—" the words "for being here" being bitterly added, in a mental reservation.

The Abbot regarded him sternly, for he disliked the reluctance of his tongue. Taking Bonifacius apart, they consulted together for a few minutes; then returning to the group of pilgrims, he resumed:—

"Thou art now in a land that listeneth to no heresies, Herr von Hartenburg, and it would be well to remember thy vow, and thy object. Hast thou ought to say?"

Emich slowly undid his scrip, and sought his offerings among its scanty contents.

"This crucifix was obtained by a noble of my house, when a crusader. It is of jasper, as thou seest, reverend Abbot, and is not otherwise wanting in valuable additions."

The Abbot bowed, in the manner of one indifferent to the richness of the boon, signing to the treasurer to accept the gift. There was then a brief pause.

"This censer was the gift of a noble far less possessed than thee!" said he who kept the treasures of the abbey, with an emphasis that could not easily be mistaken.

"Thy zeal outstrippeth the limbs of a weary man, brother.—Here is a diamond, that hath been heir-loom of my house, a century. 'Twas an emperor's gift!"

"It is well bestowed on our Lady of the Hermits; though she can boast of far richer offerings from names less known than thine."

Emich now hesitated, but only for an instant, and then laid down another gift.

"This vessel is suited to thy offices," he said, "being formed for the altar's services."

"Lay the cup aside," sternly and severely interrupted Bonifacius: "it cometh of Limburg!"

Emich coloured, more in anger than in shame however, for in that age plunder was one of the speediest and most used means of acquiring wealth. He eyed the merciless Abbot fiercely, but without speaking.

"I have no more," he said; "the wars—the charges of my house—and gold given the routed brotherhood, have left me poor!"

The Treasurer turned to Heinrich, with an eloquent expression of countenance.

"Thou wilt remember, master Treasurer, that there is no longer any question of a powerful baron," said the Burgomaster, "but that the little I have to give cometh of a poor and saddled town. First, we offer our wishes and our prayers; secondly, we present, in all humi-

lity, and with the wish they may prove acceptable, these spoons, which may be of use in some of thy many ceremonies; thirdly, this candlestick, which though small, is warranted to be of pure gold by jewellers of Frankfort; and, lastly, this cord, with which seven of our chief men have grievously and loyally scourged themselves, in reparation of the wrong done thy brethren."

All these offerings were graciously received, and the monk turned to the others. It is unnecessary to repeat the different donations that were made by the inferiors who came from the castle and the town. That of Gottlob was, or pretended to be, the offending horn which had so irreverently been sounded near the altar of Limburg, and a piece of gold. The latter was the identical coin he had obtained from Bonifacius in the interview which led to his arrest, and the other was a cracked instrument that the roguish cowherd had often essayed among his native

hills without the least success. In after-life, when the spirit of religious party grew bolder, he often boasted of the manner in which he had tricked the Benedictines by bestowing an instrument so useless.

Ulrike made her offering with sincere and meek penitence. It consisted of a garment for the image of the Virgin, which had been chiefly wrought by her own fair hands, and on which the united tributes of her townswomen had been expended in the way of ornaments, and in stones of inferior price. The gift was graciously received, for the community had been well instructed in the different characters of the various penitents.

"Hast thou aught in honour of Maria?" demanded the treasurer of Lottchen.

The widowed and childless woman endeavoured to speak, but her power failed her. She laid upon the table, however, a neatly-bound

and illuminated missal; a cap, that seemed to have no particular value, except its tassel of gold and green, and a hunting-horn; all of which, with many others of the articles named, had made part of the load borne on the furniture of the ass.

"These are unusual gifts at our shrine!" muttered the monk.

"Reverend Benedictine," interrupted Ulrike, nearly breathless in the generous desire to avert pain from her friend, "they are extorted from her who gives like drops of blood from the heart. This is Lottchen Hintermayer, of whom thou hast doubtless heard."

The name of Lottchen Hintermayer had never reached the treasurer's ear, but the sweet and persuasive manner of Ulrike prevailed. The monk bowed, and he seemed satisfied. The next that advanced was Meta. The Benedictines all appeared struck by the pallid

colour of her cheek, and the vacant, hopeless expression of an eye that had lately been so joyous.

"The journey hath been hard upon our daughter," said the princely Abbot, with gentleness and concern.

"She is young, reverend Father," answered Ulrike; "but God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

The Abbot looked surprised, for the tones of the mother met his ear with an appeal as touching as that of the worn countenance of the girl.

"Is she thy child, good pilgrim?"

"Father, she is—Heaven make me grateful for its blessed gift!"

Another gaze from the wondering priest, and he gave place to the treasurer, who advanced to receive the offering. The frame of Meta trembled violently, and she placed a hand to her bosom. Drawing forth a paper, she laid it

simply before the monk, who gazed at it in wonder.

"What is this?" he asked. "It is the image of a youth, rudely sketched!"

"It meaneth, Father," half whispered Ulrike, "that the heart which loved him, now belongs to God!"

The Abbot bowed, hastily signing to the inferior to accept the offering; and he walked aside to conceal a tear that started to his eye. Meta at that moment fell upon her mother's breast, and was borne silently from the sacristy.

The men followed; and, with a single exception, the two Abbots and the treasurer were now left alone.

"Hast thou an offering, good woman?" demanded the latter of the female who remained.

"Have I an offering, Father! Dost think I would come thus far with an empty hand? I am Ilse, Frau Frey's nurse, that Duerckheim

hath sent on this pilgrimage, as an offering in herself; and such it truly is for frail bones, and threescore and past. We are but poor town's-people of the Palatinate, but then we know what is available at need! There are many reasons why I should come, as thou shalt hear. Firstly, I was in Limburg church when the deed was——"

"How! did one of thy years go forth on such an expedition?"

"Ay, and on many other expeditions! Firstly, I was with the old Burgomaster, Frau Ulrike's father, when there was succour sent to Mannheim; secondly, I beheld from our hills the onset between the Elector's men and the followers of——"

"Dost thou serve the mother of yonder weeping girl?" demanded the Abbot, cutting short the history of Ilse's campaigns.

"And the weeping girl herself, reverend, and holy, and princely Abbot; and, if thou wilt,

the Burgomaster too—for at times, in sooth, I serve the whole family."

"Canst thou repeat the history of her sorrow?"

"Nought easier, my lord and Abbot. Firstly, is she youthful, and that is an age when we grieve or are gladdened with little reason; then she is an only child, which is apt to weaken the spirit by indulgence; next, she is fair, which often tempts the heart into various vanities, and doubtless into sorrow among the others; then is she foot-sore, a bitter grief of itself; and, finally, she hath much repentance for this nefarious sin, of which we are not yet purged, and which, unless pardoned, may descend to her among other bequests from her father."

"It is well! Deposit thy gift, and kneel that I may bless thee."

Ilse did as ordered, after which she withdrew, making many reverences in the act.

As the door closed on the crone, Bonifacius

and his brother Abbot quitted the place in company, leaving the monk charged with that duty, to care for the wealth that had been so liberally added to the treasury of Einsiedlen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

—"Israel, are these men
The mighty hearts you spoke of?——"

BYRON.

THERE was little resemblance in the characters of the two prelates, beyond that which was the certain consequence of their common employment. If Bonifacius was the most learned, of the strongest intellectual gifts, and, in other particulars relating to the mind, of the higher endowments, the princely Abbot of Einsiedlen had more of those gentle and winning qualities which best adorn the Christian life. Perhaps neither was profoundly and meekly pious, for this was not easy to men

surrounded by so many inducements to flatter their innate weaknesses: but both habitually respected the outward observances of their Church; and both, in degrees proportioned to the boldness and sagacity of their respective intellects, yielded faith to the virtue of its offices.

On quitting the sacristy, they proceeded through the cloisters, to the abode of the chief of the community. Here, closeted together, there was a consultation concerning their further proceedings.

"Thou wert of near neighbourhood," said he of our Lady of the Hermits, "to this hardy baron, Brother Bonifacius?"

"As thou mayest imagine by the late events. There lay but a few arrows' flights between his castle and our unhappy walls."

"Had ye good understanding of old, or cometh the present difficulty from long-standing grievances?"

"Thou art happy, pious Rudiger, to be

locked, as you are, among your frosts and mountains, beyond the reach of noble's arm, and beyond the desires of noble's ambition. Limburgh and the craving Counts have scarce known peace since our abbey's foundation. Your unquiet baron fills some such agency, in respect to our religious communities, as that which the unquiet spirit of the Father of Sin occupies in the moral world."

"And yet, I doubt that the severest blow we are to receive will come from one of ourselves! If all that rumour and missives from the bishops reveal, be true, this schism of Luther promises us a lasting injury!"

Bonifacius, whose mind penetrated the future much farther than most of his brethren possessed the means of doing, heard this remark gloomily; and he sat brooding over the pictures which a keen imagination presented, while his companion watched the play of his massive features with intuitive interest.

"Thou art right, princely Abbot," the former at length replied. "To us, both the future and the past are filled with lessons of deep instruction, could we but turn them to present advantage. All that we know of earth shows that each physical thing returns to its elements, when the object of its creation has been accomplished. The tree helps to pile the earth which once nourished its roots; the rock crumbles to the sand of which it was formed; and even man turns to that dust which was animated that he might live. Can we then expect that our abbeys, or that even the Church itself, in its present temporal organization, will stand for ever?"

"Thou hast done well to qualify thy words by saying temporal, good Bonifacius, for if the body decays, the soul remains; and the essence of our communion is in its spiritual character."

"Hearken, right reverend and noble Rudiger. Go ask of Luther the niceties of his creed on this point, and he will tell thee, that he is a believer in the transmigration of souls—that he keepeth this spiritual character, but in a new dress; and that, while he consigns the ancient body to the tomb, he only lightens the imperishable part of a burthen that has grown too heavy to be borne."

"But this is rank rebellion to authority, and flat refusal of doctrine!"

"Of the former, there can be no question; and, as to our German regions, most seem prepared to incur its risks. In respect to doctrine, learned Rudiger, you now broach a thesis which resembles the bells in your convent towers—on which there may be rung endless changes, from the simple chime to a triple-bob-major."

"Nay, reverend Bonifacius, thou treatest a grave subject with irreverent levity. If we are

to tolerate these innovations, there is an end of discipline; and I marvel that a dignified priest should so esteem them!"

"Thou dost me injustice, brother; for what I urge is said in befitting seriousness. The ingenuity of man is so subtle, and his doubts, once engaged, so restless, that when the barrier of discipline is raised, I know no conclusion for which a clever head may not find a reason. Has it never struck thee, reverend Rudiger, that a great error hath been made from the commencement, in founding all our ordinances to regulate society, whether they be of religious or of mere temporal concerns?"

"Thou asketh this of one who hath been accustomed to think of his superiors with respect."

"I touch not on our superiors, nor on their personal qualities. What I would say is, that our theories are too often faulty, inasmuch as they are made to suit former practices;

whereas, in a well-ordered world, methinks the theory should come first, and the usage follow as a consequence of suitable conclusions."

"This might have done for him who possessed Eden, but those who came after were compelled to receive things as they were, and to turn them to profit as they might."

"Brother and princely Abbot, thou hast grappled with the dilemma! Could we be placed in the occupancy of this goodly heritage, untrammelled by previously endeared interests, seeing the truth, nought would be easier than to make practice conform to theory; but, being that we are, priest and noble, saint and sinner, philosopher and worldling, why, look you, the theory is driven to conform to the necessities of practice; and hence doctrine, at the best, is but a convertible authority. As a Benedictine, and a lover of Rome, I would that Luther had been satisfied with mere changes in habits, for these may be accommo-

dated to climates and prejudices; but when the flood-gates of discussion are raised, no man can say to what extent, or in what direction, the torrent will flow."

"Thou hast little faith, seemingly, in the quality of reason?"

Bonifacius regarded his companion a moment with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Surely, holy Rudiger," he gravely replied, "thou hast not so long governed thy fellows to put this question to me! Hadst thou said passion, we might right quickly come to an understanding. The corollaries of our animal nature follow reasonably enough from the proposition; but when we quit the visible landmarks of the species, to launch upon the ocean of speculation, we commit ourselves, like the mariner who trusts his magnet to an unknown cause. He that is a-hungered will eat, and he that is pained will roar; he that hath need of gold will rob, in some shape or other, and

he that loveth his ease may prefer quiet to trouble: all this may be calculated, with other inferences that follow; but if thou wilt tell me what course the Lammergeyer will take when he hath soared beyond thy Alps, I will tell thee the direction in which the mind of man will steer, when fairly afloat on the sea of speculation and argument."

"The greater the necessity that it should be held in the wholesome limits of discipline and doctrine."

"Were doctrine like our convent walls, all would be well; but being what it is, men become what they are."

"How! Dost thou account faith for nought? I have heard there were brothers of deep piety in Limburg. Father Johan, who perished in defence of thy altars, may go near to be canonized—to say nothing of the excellent Prior, who is here among us on this pilgrimage."

"I count faith for much, excellent brother;

and happy is he who can satisfy uneasy scruples by so pleasant an expedient. Brother Johan may be canonized, if our Father of Rome shall see fit, hereafter, and the fallen Limburg will have reason to exult in its member. Still I do not see that the unhappy Johan proveth aught against the nature of doctrine, for, had he been possessed of less pertinacity in certain of his opinions, he would have escaped the fate which befell him."

"Is martyrdom a lot to displease a Christian? Bethink thee of the Fathers, and of their ends!"

"Had Johan bethought him more of their fortunes, his own might have been different. Reverend Abbot, Johan hath long ceased to be a riddle to me;—though I deny not his utility with the peasant and the fervent. But him thou hast last mentioned"—here Bonifacius leaned a cheek on his hand, and spoke like one that was seriously perplexed—"him

thou namedst last—the sincere, and wise, and simple Arnolph, have I never truly comprehended! That man appeareth equally contented in his cell or in his stall; honoured equally in his office, and on this weary pilgrimage; whether in prosperity or in misfortune, he is ever at peace with himself and with others. Here is truly a man that no reasoning of mine hath been able to fathom. He is not ambitious, for thrice hath he refused the mitre! He is sustained by no wild visions or deceitful fantasies, like the unhappy Johan; nor yet is he indifferent to any of the more severe practices of his profession, all of which are observed quietly, and seemingly with satisfaction. He is learned, without the desire of discussion; meek, amid a firmness that would despise the stake; and forgiving to a degree that might lead us to call him easy, but for a consistency that never seemeth to yield to any influence of season, events, or hopes.

Truly this is a man that baffleth all my knowledge!"

Bonifacius, in despite of his acquirements, his masculine intellect, and his acquaintance with men, did not perceive how much he admitted against himself, by expressing his own inability to fathom the motives of the Prior. Nor did the enigma appear to be perfectly intelligible to his companion, who listened curiously to the other's description of their brother; much as we hearken to a history of inexplicable or supernatural incidents.

"I have heard much of Arnolph," observed the latter, "though never matter so strange as this;—and yet most seem to love him!"

"Therein is his power!—though often most opposed to me, I cannot say that I myself am indifferent to the man.—By our patron saint! I sometimes fain believe I love him! He was among the last to desert our altars, when pressed by this rapacious noble, and his

credulous and silly burghers; and yet was he foremost to forgive the injury when committed. But for him, and his high influence with the Bishops, there might have been blows for blows, spite of this schism that hath turned so many in Germany from our support."

"And since thou speakest of the schism, in what manner dost thou account for an innovation so hardy, in a region that is usually esteemed reasonable? There must have been relaxation of authority; for there is no expedient so certain to prevent heresies, or errors of doctrine, as a Church well established, and which is maintained by fitting authority."

Bonifacius smiled, for even in that early age, his penetrating mind saw the fallacy to which the other was a dupe.

"This is well when there is right; but when there is error, brother, your established authority does but uphold it. The provisions that are made in thy comfortable abode to

keep the cold air out, may be the means of keeping foul air within."

"In this manner of reasoning, truth can have no existence!—Thou dreadest doctrine, and thou wilt nought of discipline!"

"Nay, holy Rudiger, in the latter thou greatly misconceiveth me. Of discipline I would have all that is possible; I merely deny that it is any pledge of truth. We are apt to say that a well-ordained and established Church is the buttress of truth, when experience plainly showeth that this discipline doeth more harm to truth, than it can ever serve it, and that simply because there can be but one truth, while there are many modes of discipline; many establishments therefore uphold many errors, or truth hath no identity with itself."

"Thou surprisest me!—Whatever may come of this heresy, as yet, I know of but

one assault on our supremacy; and that cometh of error, as we come of right."

"This is well for Christendom, but what sayeth it for your Moslem—your fire-worshipper—your Hindoo—your Pagan, and all the rest; any one of whom is just as ready to keep out error by discipline, as we of Rome? Until now, certainly among Christians this evil hath not often happened, though even we are not without our differences: but looking to this advance of the printing art, and of the variety of opinions that are its fruits, I foresee that we are to have many opposing expedients, all of which will be equally well pondered and concocted to keep in truth, and to exclude error. This pretension of high authority, and of close exactions to maintain purity of doctrine, and what we deem truth, is well, as the jurists say, *quoad hoc;* but touching the general question, I do not see

its virtue. Now that men enlist with passion in these spiritual discussions, we may look to see various modifications of the Church, all of which will be more or less buttressed by human expedients, as so many preservatives of truth; but when the time shall come that countries and communities are divided among themselves on these subtleties, look you, excellent Rudiger, we may expect to shut in as much error by our laws and establishments, as we shall shut out. I fear heaven is a goal that must be reached by a general mediation, leaving each to give faith to the minor points of doctrine, according to his habits and abilities."

"This savours more of the houseless Abbot, than of him who lately had an obedient and flourishing brotherhood!" Rudiger somewhat piquantly rejoined.

Bonifacius was unmoved by the evident allusion, regarding his companion coolly, and like a

man who too well knew his own superiority easily to take offence. His reply, however, would probably have been a retort, notwithstanding this seeming moderation, had not a door opened, and Arnolph quietly entered the room.

The reception of the Prior, by his two mitred brethren, proved the deep respect which had so universally been won by his self-denying qualities. In the great struggle of the conflicting egotism which composes, in a great degree, the principle of most of the actions of this uneasy world, no one is so likely to command universal esteem, as he who appears willing to bear the burthen of life, with as little as possible of its visible benefits, by withdrawing himself from the arena of its contentions. In the great mass, an occasional retreat from the struggle, on the part of those who have few means of success, creates but little feeling of any sort, perhaps; but when he that hath undeniable pretensions

exhibits this forbearance, he may be certain of obtaining full credit for all that he possesses, and more, even to the admission of qualifications that would be vehemently denied had he taken a different attitude, in respect to his rivals. Such was, in some measure, the position of Father Arnolph; and Bonifacius himself never struggled to resist his natural impulses towards the pious monk, having a secret persuasion that none of his virtues, however publicly proclaimed, were likely to militate against his own interests.

"Thou art much wearied, holy Prior," said the Abbot of Einsiedlen, offering a seat to his visitor, with assiduous and flattering attention.

"I count it not, Princely Rudiger; having lightened the way with much good discourse, and many prayers: my pilgrims are faint, but happily arrived, they are now fairly committed to the convent's hospitality."

"Thou hast with thee, reverend Arnolph, a noble of high esteem in thy German country?"

"Of ancient blood, and of great worldly credit," returned the Prior, with reserve.

"What thinkest thou, brother Bonifacius? —It may not be prudent to make any very public manifestations of a difference of treatment, between those who seek our shrine; but do not hospitality, and such courtesy as marketh our own breeding, demand some private greetings. Is my opinion suitable, worthy Arnolph?"

"God is no respecter of persons, Abbot of Einsiedlen."

"Can any know this better than ourselves? But we pretend not to perfection, nor can our judgments be set up as decisive of men's merits, farther than belongs to our office. Ours is an hospitable order, and we are privileged to earn esteem, and therefore doth it appear to me not

only becoming, but politic, to show a noble of this repute, and at a moment when heresy runs mad, that we do not overlook the nature of his sacrifices. Thou art silent, brother Abbot!"

The Abbot of Limburg listened with secret satisfaction, for he had views of his own that the proposal favoured. He was, therefore, about to give a ready assent, when Arnolph interrupted him.

"I have nobles among my followers, right reverend Abbots," said the latter earnestly; "and I have those that deserve to be more than noble, if deep Christian humility can claim to be so esteemed. I did not come to speak of Emich of Hartenburg, but of spirits sorely bruised, and to beg of thee, in their behalf, a boon of churchly offices."

"Name it, father, and make certain of its fair reception. But it is now late, and no rites

of the morrow need defeat our intentions of honest hospitality."

"They, in whose behalf I would speak," said Arnolph, with apparent mortification, "are already without; if admitted, they may best explain their own desires."

The Abbot signified a ready assent to receive these visitors, and the Prior hastened to admit them, anticipating a wholesome effect on the minds of his superiors from the interview. When he re-appeared, he was followed by Ulrike, Lottchen, and Meta, who came after him in the order named. Both the Abbots seemed surprised, for it exceeded their confidence in themselves to admit visitors of that sex, at an hour so equivocal, in the more retired parts of the buildings, and they counted little on the boldness of innocence.

"This exceedeth usage!" exclaimed the superior of Einsiedlen. "It is true, we have

our privileges, pious Arnolph, but they are resorted to with great discretion."

"Fear not, holy Abbot," Arnolph calmly answered; "this visit may, at least, claim to be as harmless as that of those thou hast just named. Speak, virtuous Ulrike, that thy wishes may be known."

Ulrike crossed herself, first casting a tearful eye on the pallid and depressed countenances of her daughter and of her friend.

"We are come to your favoured shrine, princely and pious Abbot," she slowly commenced, like one who feared the effects of her own words, "penitents, pilgrims, and acknowledging our sins, in order to expiate a great wrong, and to implore Heaven's pardon. The accomplishment of our wishes hath been promised by the Church, and by one greater than the Church, should we bring with us contrite hearts. In this behalf, then, we have now little to offer, since our pious guide, the be-

loved and instructed Arnolph, hath taught us to omit no observance; nor hath he, in any particular, left us ignorant of the state of mind that best befitteth our present undertaking. But, right reverend Abbot——"

"Proceed, daughter; thou wilt find all here ready to listen," said Rudiger kindly, observing that her words became choked, and that she continued to cast uneasy looks at Lottchen and Meta. The voice of the speaker sank, but her tones were still more earnest, as she continued.

"Holy Benedictine, aided by Heaven's kindness, I will. In all that toucheth our pilgrimage and its duties, we confide entirely to the pious counsel of the learned and godly Arnolph, and he will tell you that nought material hath by us been neglected. We have prayed, and confessed, and fasted, and done the needed expiations, in a meek mood, and with contrite hearts. We come, then, to ask

a service of this favoured community, which, we trust, may not be refused to the Christian.

The Abbot looked surprised, but he awaited her own time to continue.

"It hath pleased Heaven to call away one dear to us, at a short summons," proceeded Ulrike, not without casting another fearful glance at her companions; "and we would ask the powerful prayers of the community of our Lady of the Hermits, in behalf of his soul."

"Of what age was the deceased?"

"God summoned him, reverend Abbot, in early youth."

"By what means did he come to his end?"

"By a sudden display of Heaven's power."

"Died he at peace with God and the Church?"

"Father, his end was sudden and calamitous. None can know the temper of the mind at that awful moment."

"But did he live in the practices of our

faith? Thou comest of a region in which there is much heresy, and this is an hour in which the shepherd cannot desert the fold."

Ulrike paused, for the breathing of her friend was thick and audible.

"Princely Abbot, he was a Christian. I held him myself at the font. This humble penitent and pilgrim gave him birth, and to this holy Prior hath he often confessed."

The Abbot greatly disliked the manner of the answers. His brow drew over the eyes, and he turned jealous glances from Arnolph to the females.

"Canst thou vouch for thy penitent?" he demanded abruptly of the Prior.

"His soul hath need of masses."

"Was he tainted with the heresy of the times?"

Arnolph paused. His mind underwent a severe struggle, for, while he distrusted the opinions of Berchthold, he knew nothing that a

scrupulous and conscientious judge could fairly construe into unequivocal evidence of his dereliction from the Church.

"Thou dost not answer, Prior!"

"God hath not gifted me with knowledge to judge the secret heart."

"Ha! this grows plainer. Reverend Bonifacius, canst thou say aught of this?"

The dethroned Abbot of Limburg had, at first, listened to the dialogue with indifference. There had even been an ironical smile on his lips while Ulrike was speaking, but when Arnolph was questioned, it disappeared in an active and a curious desire to know in what manner a man so conscientious would extricate himself from the dilemma. Thus directly questioned, however, he found himself obliged to become a party in the discourse.

"I well know, princely and pious Rudiger, that heresy is rife in our misguided Palatinate," he answered; "else would not the

Abbot of Limburg be a houseless guest in Einsiedlen."

"Thou hearest, daughter! The youth is suspected of having died an enemy of the Church."

"The greater the errors, if this be true, the greater the need that prayers be offered for his soul."

"This would be truly aiding Lucifer in his designs to overturn our tabernacles, and a weakness not to be indulged. I am grieved to be compelled to show this discipline to one of thy seeming zeal, but our altars cannot be defiled by sacrifices in behalf of those who despise them. Was the youth connected with the fall of Limburg?"

"Father, he died in the crush of its roofs," said Ulrike, in nearly inaudible syllables; "and we deem the manner of his end another reason why extraordinary masses should be said in his behalf."

"Thou asketh an impossibility. Were we to yield to our pity, in these cases of desperate heresies, it would discourage the faithful, and embolden those who are already too independent."

"Father!" said a tremulous and low, but eager voice.

"What wouldst thou, daughter?" asked the Abbot, turning to Lottchen.

"Listen a mother's prayer. The boy was born and educated in the bosom of the Church. For reasons at which I do not repine, Heaven early showed its displeasure on his father and on me. We were rich, and we became poor; we were esteemed of men, and we learned how much better is the support of God. We submitted; and when we saw those who had once looked up to us in respect, looking down upon us in scorn, we kissed the child, were grateful, and did not repine. Even this trial was not sufficient—the father was taken from his

pains and mortifications, and my son put on the livery of a baron. I will not say—I cannot say—my strength would have been equal to all this of itself. An angel, in the form of this constant and excellent woman, was sent to sustain me. Until the late wrong to Limburg, we had our hopes and our hours of happiness—but that crime defeated all. My boy hath perished by a just anger, and I remain to implore Heaven in his behalf. Wilt thou refuse the Church's succour to a childless mother, who, this favour obtained, will be ready to bless God and die?"

"Thou troublest me, daughter; but I beg thee to remember I am but the guardian of a high and sacred trust."

"Father!" said a second and still more thrilling appeal.

"Thou too, child! What wouldst thou of one but too ready to yield, were it not for duty?"

Meta had kneeled, and throwing back the hood of her pilgrim's mantle, the change left her bloodless face exposed to the Abbot's view. The girl seemed severely struggling with herself; then, finding encouragement in her mother's eye, she was able to continue.

"I know, most holy and very reverend Abbot," she commenced, with an evidently regulated phraseology, like one who had been instructed how to make the appeal, "that the Church hath need of much discipline; without which there would be neither duration nor order in its existence. This hath my mother taught me, and we both admit it, and prize the truth. For this reason have we submitted ourselves to all its ordinances, never failing to confess and worship, or to observe fasts and saints' days. Even the mitred Bonifacius, there, will not deny this, as respects either of us——"

Meta delayed, as if inviting the Abbot to

gainsay her words if he could; but Bonifacius was silent.

" As for him that hath died," resumed Meta, whose voice sounded like plaintive music, " this is the truth. He was born a Christian, and he never said aught in my presence against the Church. Thou canst not think, father, that he who sought my esteem, would strive to gain it by means that no Christian girl could respect? That he was often at the Abbey confessionals I know; and that he was in favour with this holy Prior, thou hast but to ask, to learn. In going against Limburg, he did but obey his lord, as others have often done before; and surely all that fall in battle are not to be hopelessly condemned? If there is heresy in Germany, is it not enough of itself to endure so great a danger in life, that the dead must be abandoned to their past acts, without succour from the Church, or thought from their friends? Oh! thou wilt think

better, holy but cruel Rudiger, of thy hasty decision. Give us then masses for poor Berchthold! I know not what Bonifacius may have said to thee in secret, concerning the youth, but this much would I say in his favour, in presence of the assembled earth—more pious son, more faithful follower, a braver at need, a more gentle in intercourse, a truer or kinder heart than his, does not now beat in the Palatinate! I know not but I exceed the limits of a maiden's speech, in what I say," continued the girl ardently, a bright spot shining on each cheek amid her tears, "but the dead are mute, and if those they loved are cold to their wants, in what manner is Heaven to know their cruel need?"

"Good daughter," interrupted the Abbot, who began to feel distressed, "we will think of this. Go thou to thy rest,—and may God bless thee!"

"Nay, I cannot sleep while the soul of

Berchthold endures this jeopardy! Perhaps the Church will demand penance in his behalf. My mother Lottchen is no longer young and strong, as formerly; but thou seest, father, what I am! Name what thou wilt—pilgrimages, fasts, stripes, prayers, or vigils, are alike to me. Nay, think not that I regard them! Thou canst not bestow more happiness than to give this task for poor Berchthold's sake. Oh! hadst thou known him, holy Monk, so kind with the weak, so gentle with us maidens, and so true, thou wouldst not, nay, thou couldst not need another prayer to grant the masses!"

"Bonifacius, is there no means of justifying the concession?"

"I would speak with thee, brother," answered he of Limburg, who, with a thoughtful countenance, awaited his companion a little apart from the others.

The conference of the two prelates was short, but it was decisive.

"Take away the child," said the Abbot Rudiger, to Ulrike; "the weight of Heaven's displeasure must be borne."

The Prior sighed heavily; but he signed for the females to obey, like one who saw the uselessness of further entreaties. Leading the way, he left the Abbot's abode, his companion's following; nor did a murmur escape either while giving this proof of patient submission. It was only when Ulrike and Lottchen had reached the open air, that they found the helpless girl they supported was without sensibility. As fits of fainting had been common of late, her mother felt no great alarm, nor was it long before all the female pilgrims sought the pillows they so much needed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

" Fy, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:—"

King Henry VI.

THE social character of a Benedictine community has been mentioned in one of the earlier chapters. That of Einsiedlen, though charged with the worship of altars especially favoured, formed no exception to the general rule. If any thing, the number of distinguished pilgrims that frequented its shrine, rendered it liable to more than usual demands on its hospitality; demands that were met by a suitable attention to the rules of the

brotherhood. Even Loretto has its palace for the entertainment of such princes as can descend from their thrones to kneel in the 'santa casa;' for policy, not to speak of a more generous motive, requires that the path should be smoothed to those devotees who are unaccustomed to encounter difficulties. In conformity with the rule of their order, then, though dwelling in the secluded and wild region already described, the fraternity of our Lady of the Hermits, had their Abbot's abode, their lodgings for the stranger, and their stores of cheer, as well as their cells and their religious rites.

It was about three hours after the interview related in the last chapter—a time that brings us near the turn of the night—that we shall return to the narrative. The scene is a banqueting-hall, or, to speak in more measured phrase, a private refectory, in which the princely Abbot was wont to entertain those in

whose behalf he saw sufficient reasons to exercise more than ordinary attention and favour. There was no great show of luxury in the ordinary decorations of the place, for a useless display of its means formed no part of the system of a community that chiefly existed by the liberality of the pious. Still the hall was as well arranged as comported with the rude habits of the age, in that secluded region—habits that consulted the substantial portion of human enjoyments far more than those elaborate and effeminate inventions, which use has since rendered nearly indispensable to later generations. The floor was of tile, not very nicely polished; the walls were wainscotted in dark oak; and the ceiling had a rude attempt to represent the supper given at the marriage of Cana, and the miracle of the wine. Notwithstanding is was midsummer, a cheerful fire blazed in a chimney of huge dimensions; the size of the apartment and the keen

air of the mountains rendering such an auxiliary not only agreeable, but necessary. The board was spacious and well covered, offering a generous display of those healthful and warm liquors, which have so long given the Rhine additional estimation with every traveller of taste.

Around the table were placed the Abbot, and his unhoused peer, Bonifacius; a favourite or two of the community of Einsiedlen; with Emich, the Knight of Rhodes, the Abbé, Heinrich Frey, and the smith. The former were in their usual conventual robes; while the latter were confounded, so far as externals were concerned, in their dresses of pilgrims. Dietrich owed his present advantage altogether to the fortuitous circumstance of being found in so good company, divested of the usual distinguishing marks of his rank. If Bonifacius was at all aware of his character, indifference or policy prevented its exposure.

Had one been suddenly introduced to this midnight scene, he would scarce have recognized the weary penitent and the reproving churchman, in the jovial cheer and boon companionship of the hour. The appetite was already more than satisfied, and many a glass had been quaffed in honour of both hosts and guests, ere the precise moment to which we transfer the action of the tale.

The princely prelate occupied the seat of honour, as became his high rank, while Bonifacius was seated at one elbow, and the Count of Hartenburg at the other. The great consideration due to the first, as well as his personal character and mild manners, had served to preserve all outward appearances of amity and courteous intercourse between his neighbours, neither of whom had as yet suffered the slightest intimation of their former knowledge of each other to escape him. This polite duplicity, which we have reason to think is

of very ancient origin, and in which Albrecht of Veiderbach and Monsieur Latouche assisted with rare felicity, aided in curbing the feelings of their inferiors, who, being less trained in the seemliness of deception, might otherwise have given vent to some of their bodily pains, by allusions of an irritating and questionable nature.

"Thou findest our liquors palatable?" courteously observed the Abbot, as we shall, *par excellence*, now distinguish him of Einsiedlen. "This of the silver cup, cometh from the liberality of thy late Elector, who had occasion to send votive offerings, in behalf of the illness of one of his family, to our Lady of the Hermits, and who had the grace to accompany the memorial to the convent treasury by this sign of private regard; and that thou seemest most to relish, is a neighbourly boon from our brother of Saint Gall, than whom more generous churchman does not wear

a cowl. Thou knowest, son, that the matter of good wine hath long been the subject of especial care with that thriving brotherhood."

"Thou overratest my knowledge of history, princely Abbot," returned Emich, setting down the glass, however, in a manner to show that his familiarity with good liquors might safely be assumed; "we of the lower countries waste but little time on these studies, trusting chiefly to those who dwell at the universities for the truth of what we hear. If he of Saint Gall dispenseth much of this goodly liquor, certes it were well that our spiritual guardians sent us, on occasions, to make our pilgrimages in that region, which cannot be far from this, unless my geography is greatly in fault?"

"Thou couldst not have better divined hadst thou been a doctor of Wittenberg, or of Rome itself! Considering our mountain paths, and the insufficiency of the bridges and other conveniences, it may require two suns to urge a

beast from our convent gate to that of our brother of Saint Gall, though, on emergencies, we have succeeded, by means of faithful footmen, in getting tidings to their ears within the day and night. Saint Gall is a wealthy and well-bestowed abbey, of very ancient existence, and of much repute as the haven of letters during the darkest period, learned Bonifacius, of our more modern times; though the late increase of its town, and the growing turbulence of the times, have not permitted it to escape with impunity from the dangers that now beset all of Rome."

This was the first allusion which had been made to the events that had so singularly brought the present company together; and, but for the address and self-command of Bonifacius, it might have brought on a discussion that would not have proved agreeable.

"Saint Gall and its merits are unknown to none who wear the frock of Saint Benedict," he

said, with admirable composure. "Thou hast well said that its walls were for many ages the sole protectors of learning in our Europe; for without the diligence and fidelity of its abbots and brotherhood, much that is now preserved and prized would have been irretrievably lost to posterity and to ourselves."

"I doubt not, reverend Benedictine," observed Emich, speaking courteously across the Abbot to Bonifacius, much as a well-bred guest at board addresses a convive to whom he is otherwise a stranger—"that this rare taste in liquors, of which there has just been question, is the fruit of the excellent knowledge which you extol?"

"That is a point I shall not hastily decide," returned Bonifacius, smiling. "It may be so; for we have accounts of sore discord between Saint Gall and others, even of the Church, touching the uses and qualities of their wines."

"That have we, and right faithfully record-

ed!" rejoined the Abbot. "There was the war between the prince Bishop of Basle and our brethren of Saint Gall, that led to sore contentions and heavy losses."

"How! did the desire to partake urge our Rhenish prelate to push adventure so far, as to come this distance in quest of liquor?"

"Thou art in error, son pilgrim, concerning the nature of Saint Gall's stores. We have vineyards, it is true, among these mountains, as witness those on the shores of the neighbouring Lake of Zurich, as well as others that might be named; but our country wines will warm the blood of peasant only. He that hath tasted better, seldom fills his cup with liquor that comes from any region this side the farther border of Swabia—your vines of the Rheingau in specialty; whereas the territories of Saint Gall lie still farther from those favoured countries than we ourselves."

"You have need to explain, princely Abbot;

for that the Baslois should come in our direction in quest of good liquor is clear enough, whereas the war you have named would have sent him farther from his object."

"Thou hast not come hither, son, without marking the course of the Rhine, on whose banks thou hast so long journeyed. This great stream, though so turbulent and dangerous among the mountains, is of much use in procuring our supplies. By means of the Lake of Constance, and the lower river, heavy burthens arrive at the very territory of our sister abbey; and the dispute to which there has been allusion, came of the fact that the right reverend prelate of Basle would fain have demanded toll on the purchases of the abbey. Thou mayest remember, brother," looking towards Bonifacius, "that when both were tired of blows, the good Bishop sent to demand 'What the Virgin had done, that the churchmen above should slay her people?' and that

he received for a merry answer the question of, 'What has Saint Gall done, that thou shouldst stop his wines?'"

The listeners laughed, in low simpers, like men amused with this characteristic narrative; for such incidents were yet too recent to excite much other reflexion, even among churchmen, than what was connected with the vulgar temporal interests of the incident.

"By the Magi! Holy and Princely Abbot, thy tale giveth additional flavour!" said Emich, who greatly enjoyed the quarrel; "it moreover serveth to shut out thoughts that come from aching bones and weary feet."

"Thy pilgrimage, son, will bring its rewards, as well as its pains. Should it be a means of removing thee, for a time, from the heresies of Germany, and of placing thee and thine in more friendly communion with the Church, the toil will not be lost."

"As such do I esteem the duty," returned

Emich, tossing off his glass, after steadily regarding the liquor a moment by the fire-light. "Saint Gall had the right of the matter; and he who would not take up arms for this, did not deserve to wear them. How now, Herr Frey! Thou art silent?"

"Not more so, I trust, nobly-born Emich, than becometh one on a pilgrimage; and one who hath need to bethink him of his duties, lest his town should have cause to reproach him with negligence."

"God's truth, Master Burgomaster! if any here have reason to bethink them of Duerckheim, it is the city's sovereign and lord. So cheer up, and let us lighten the load we carry, always under the favour and good graces of this hospitable and well-endowed brotherhood."

"Thou art a servitor of the cross?" demanded the Abbot of Albrecht of Veiderbach, beckoning the Knight to come nearer.

"An indifferent one, princely and pious Rudiger, and, I might say, one that hath yielded to the seductions of company and good fellowship, not to speak of the force of blood; else would he have been spared this expiation."

"Nay, I name not thy pursuit with the intent to reproach," interrupted the courteous prelate. "Such liberty does not become hospitality. We make a difference within these walls between the confessional and the board."

"The distinction is just, and promises perpetuity and lasting respect to our faith, spite of all heresies. The rock on which this Brother Luther, and his followers will split, holy Abbot—at least, it so seemeth to an uninstructed capacity—is the desire to refine beyond men's means of endurance. Religion, like chivalry, is good in its way; but neither the priest nor the knight can bear his armour at all times and seasons. Your schismatic hath the desire to convert the layman into a monk,

whereas the beauty of creation is its order; and he that is charged with the cure of souls is sufficient for his object, without laying this constant burthen on the shoulders of him that hath already more of temporal cares than he can bear."

"Were others more of thy mind, son, we should have less trouble, and better discipline. Our altars are not useless, and if they who frequent them could be content to think that we are sufficient for their safety, the world would be saved much disputation, and haply some shedding of blood. But with these safe and creditable opinions, Sir Knight and Pilgrim," continued the Abbot, dropping his voice to a more confidential key, "it may be permitted me to express surprise, that I see thee one of a penitence commanded for violence done a convent!"

Albrecht of Veiderbach shrugged his shoulders, and glanced meaningly towards his cousin.

"What will you, right noble and reverend Prelate!—We are but the creatures of accident. There is respect due to fellowship and hospitality, to say nought of the claims of blood and kindred. The evil turn of the Rhodian warfare, some longings to look again at our German fields, for the father-land keeps its hold of us more particularly in adversity, with the habits of an unsettled existence, served to lead me to the castle of Hartenburg; and failry entered, it will excite no wonder that the guest was ready to lend his sword, in a short foray, to the host. These sallies, as thou well knowest, Princely Rudiger, are not so rare as to be deemed miracles."

"What thou sayest is true," returned the Abbot, always speaking, as it were, aside to the Knight, and manifesting no great surprise at this avowal of principles, that were common enough in that age, and which have descended in a different form to our own, since we daily

see men in the gravest affairs of a nation, putting their morality at the disposal of party, rather than incur the odium of being wanting in this species of social faith. "What thou sayest is very true, and may well furnish thy plea with the Grand Master. Thou mayest on many accounts, too, find this pilgrimage wholesome."

"Doubt it not, reverend Abbot. We had little time during the siege to pay due attention to the rites; and the general looseness of our lives since driven from the island has left long arrears to settle, a fact that I endeavour to remember now."

"And thy associate—he of gentle mien; hath he not also connexion with the Church?"

Albrecht turned to whisper the reply.

"'Tis but one that circulates under the frock, holy Benedictine—a youth that hath been the dupe of Lord Emich; for to speak thee fair, my cousin wanteth not of the policy

necessary to his condition, and to the habits of a sage government."

The Abbot smiled in a way to show a good intelligence between him and his companion. After this, they talked apart earnestly for a while, beckoning Monsieur Latouche to make one of their party, after sundry glances in his direction. In the mean time, the general discourse proceeded among the other guests.

"I was sorrowed to hear, reverend Benedictine," proceeded the Count, purposely avoiding the eye of Bonifacius, by addressing himself to one of the brotherhood of Einsiedlen, "that thy community hath refused us masses for the soul of one that fell in that unhappy dispute which is the cause of our present pleasure, in being in so goodly company. I loved the youth, and would fain deal liberally by those that remember his present necessities."

"Hath the matter been fairly put to those having the right to decide?" demanded the

monk, showing by the direction of his eye that he meant his superior.

" They tell me it hath, and put touchingly; but without success. I trust there has been no hostile interference in this affair, which concerneth no less than a soul, and ought to be dealt by tenderly."

" I know of but one, and that is the Father of Evil himself, that hath an enmity to souls!" answered the monk, with very honest surprise. " As for us, it is our pleasure to be of use on all such occasions; and that especially when the request is preferred by friends of the deceased, that are worthy of so much higher favour."

" Dost thou call those who overturn altars," said Bonifacius, sternly, and with great firmness of voice—" who visit the temple with the armed hand, and who defy the Church, worthy of her favours!"

" Reverend Abbot!—"

" Nay, let him give his humour vent," said

Emich, proudly—"the cold air and a roofless head are apt to move the temper. I would fain have met thee, Bonifacius, in amity, as should have been the case, after our solemn treaty and all the reparations that are made; but the desire to rule, it would seem, does not abandon thee, even in banishment!"

"Thou art deceived in imagining that I shall forget myself or my office, rude Emich;—the question put was to the Benedictine, and not to thee."

"Then let the Benedictine answer! I ask thee, Father, is it becoming or just, that the soul of a youth of good repute, of moral life, and of reasonable earthly hopes, should be refused aid on the mere grudge of ancient hostility, or haply that there were some passages at his death that might have been better avoided?"

"The Church must judge for itself, noble Pilgrim, and decide on those rules which regulate its course."

" By the sainted eleven thousand ! thou forgettest that all usages have been respected, and that the masses are not asked as the beggar imploreth alms, but that fairly counted gold is proffered in behalf of the youth. If enough has not been done in this way, I swear to thee, Bonifacius, since it would seem thy influence here is so strong, that on my return there shall be further offerings on his account. Berchthold was very dear to me, and I would not have it said that all memory of the boy is lost beneath the ashes of Limburg ! "

Though both in their several ways were irascible, violent, and unaccustomed to control, neither Emich nor Bonifacius was wanting in that species of self-command which is so necessary to men entrusted with the care of important interests. They had early learned to bring feeling more or less in subjection to their policy ; and though not quite equal to a cold and managed display of indifference on such subjects

as too closely crossed their views, it required a certain combination of excitement to induce either unnecessarily to betray his true emotions. Their personal intercourse had, in consequence of this affected moderation, been less violent and wrangling than would otherwise have proved, for it did not often happen that both found themselves wrought up to the point of explosion precisely at the same instant—and he that happened to remain the coolest stood as a check on the passions of him who had momentarily forgotten appearances. But for this fact, the ill-timed and ill-worded question of the Count might have produced an immediate rupture, to the injury of the pilgrims' interests, and to the great scandal of the brotherhood of Einsiedlen: as it was, however, Bonifacius listened with outward courtesy, and answered more like one that remembered his priestly office than his particular injuries.

"Had it been my good fortune, Herr Pil-

grim," he said, calmly, "to have remained in charge of altars so esteemed as to be sought on such a behalf, thy application in favour of the youth would have received meet attention; but thou now addresseth a prelate, that, like thee, is indebted to the hospitality of these excellent brothers for a roof to cover his head."

"Nay, I know not," added the Count, a little confused by this sudden humility, "but rather than desert so young a soul in this strait, and soul of a servitor whom I so much loved, that I would not even now endow some chapel — of a size and decorations suited to his station while living."

"On Limburg hill, Herr Emich?"

"Nay, excellent Bonifacius, thou forgettest our loving treaty, this pilgrimage, and other conditions honourably fulfilled. Altars can never rise again on Limburg hill, for that were to lose sight of our oaths and promises, which would be a crying sin in both; but altars and

chapels may exist elsewhere. Give us then this grace, and look to our gratitude and justice for the reward."

Bonifacius smiled, for he felt his power, and he enjoyed it like a man conscious of having so lately been in the hands of the very baron who now so earnestly beseeched his favour. It may not be easy for one educated in these later days, to understand the singular contradiction, which led Emich of Hartenburg, the destroyer of Limburg, thus to entreat a monk; but he who would properly understand his character, must remember the durability of impressions made in youth, the dread mystery that is attached to the unknown future, and, most of all, the flagrant inconsistencies, that are always the fruits of a struggle between principles and interests, — between the force of reason and the desires of selfishness.

"Thou accusest me unwarrantably, when

thou sayest that our oaths, or our loving treaty is forgotten, pious Pilgrim," returned the Benedictine: "both are respected and well remembered, as thou wilt see, in the end. But there is a feature in this request of thine, that hath apparently escaped unwittingly one of thy known justice and impartiality. Thy forester is well known for having greatly affected the heresy that is ripe in Germany—"

"Nay, Bonifacius, here must be an error," interrupted the Count; "thou hast his very mother in our pilgrimage; and dost think a proselyte of Luther would undertake so grievous pain to satisfy Rome?"

"We speak of the child, and not of the parent, Herr Pilgrim. Had all that were trained in better principles observed the opinions of their fathers, our age would have been spared this heresy. Of the boy's irreverence there can be little doubt, since mine own ears have been my witnesses."

"How! hast thou ever shrived the youth, reverend Abbot?" demanded Emich in surprise. "I did not think thee of so great condescension to one of his hopes, nor — by the mass! did I think the youth so weak, as to touch on disputed points at the confessional!"

"There are other acknowledgments made, Herr Pilgrim, than those which are heard in the Church, or under the cloak of her mysteries. There was formerly a question between us, noble Count, amicably settled, and in a merry manner that need not now be named."

"Touching certain vineyards!" rejoined Emich laughing; "the fact is not so distant as to be forgotten, though neither my cousin nor this good Abbé proved as stanch in that matter as had been expected!"

"Thy forester did better service. Thou mayst also remember there were certain dis-

cussions then had, and that the bold boy ventured on a comparison of the tree trimmed of its useless branches, and the tree suffered to stand in its deformity."

"Wilt thou abandon a soul to jeopardy for speech light as this, Herr Bonifacius? God's justice! this promiseth but little in mine own behalf, at some future day. Berchthold, heated and warm in the interest of his lord, threw out hints that might otherwise have been spared; moreover, the greater the sinner, Father, the greater need of masses and prayers."

"This will not I gainsay — my objection goeth no farther than to urge that those who are willing to live by the councils of Luther, should be also willing to seek salvation by his means."

"Friends and pilgrims," said the Abbot of Einsiedlen, approaching the table, from which he had retired a little, to converse more freely with the Abbot and the Knight of Rhodes —

" the hour is at hand which has been set to celebrate an early mass in behalf of this pilgrimage. The bell is giving the first summons, and it is meet that we retire to prepare ourselves for the duty."

At this interruption Bonifacius, who saw a storm gathering, gladly arose, and instantly withdrew, the rest dropped off, according to their several conditions; Emich and his cousin retiring with the leisure of men more accustomed to make others wait, than of hastening their movements to the injury of their own convenience.

After perusing this scene, we admonish the reader to spare his remarks, until the subject has been well pondered in his mind. In pourtraying what passed in the private refectory of the convent of our Lady of the Hermits, we wish to convey no censure on any particular persuasion, or sect, or order of christians, but simply to exhibit the habits and opinions of

the age in which the individuals of this legend existed. Let those who are disposed to be hypercritical, or censorious in their remarks, coolly look around them, and, first making the necessary allowances for the new aspects of society, put the question, whether contradictions as apparent, inconsistencies nearly as irreconcileable with truth, and selfishness almost as gross and as unjust, is not now manifest equally among the adherents of Rome and the proselytes of Luther, as any that have been here represented. We may claim to have improved on the opinions and practices of our predecessors, but we are still far from being the consistent and equitable creatures that, it is to be hoped, we are yet destined to become.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

King Henry VI.

AMONG the expiations prescribed to the pilgrims of Duerckheim and Hartenburg, there had been included an especial and early morning service, the one to which they were now summoned. Time had been allowed the weaker portion of the party to rest, while the stronger had been employed in the manner described in the preceding chapter. Certain self-inflicted stripes it was taken for granted had been duly bestowed, at different periods, during the long journey from the Palatinate.

It was an hour after the separation of the abbey guests that the procession of Benedictines swept out of the cloisters into the body of the church. Though far from being a community remarkable for the austerity of its practices, it was not unusual for monks of all orders, to quit their pallets on extraordinary occasions, and to break the stillness of night with the music and service of the altar. When the spirit comes thus fresh from repose, and in a disposition suited to the object, into the immediate presence of the Deity, incense and praise so free from the dross of humanity, must come nearer to that high purity which adorns the worship of angels than any other that can ascend from man, since it is at such a moment that all least feel the burthen of their corporeal adjunct.

Even in the daily parochial duty, the good catholics still observe a uniformity and rigidity of practice that are unknown even in this land

of puritan origin. The church bell is heard in every village, with the first dawn of light; at indicated hours, all within hearing of its sound are admonished to recall their thoughts from earth, by addressing a prayer to God; and with the close of day, the flock is once again summoned to the fold, at the service of vespers. These are beautiful and touching memorials of our duties, and when practised in sincerity, cannot fail to keep the mind in better subjection to the great authority that directs all our destinies. In countries where the husbandmen dwell together in villages, the practice is easy, and we hold its loss to be one of the greatest disadvantages of our own diffuse distribution of rural population; a distribution which is also the reason why we must for ever be wanting in several other features of social intercourse, that give to life more or less of its poetical charm. Happily there are, on the other hand, accompanying

advantages that perhaps more than serve as offsets to this, as to most other similar anomalies in our usages.

The arrangements of a Benedictine chapel, and the decorations of its altars, together with the manner in which the brotherhood occupy their stalls in the choir, have been too often mentioned in these pages, to require repetition. Long accustomed to these exercises, the monks were early in their places, though they for whom the mass was to be said were not all as punctual.

Ulrike and Lottchen, with the rest of the females, entered the church in a body, while the men, as is usual in matters that touch the finer feelings, were the last. Emich and the Burgomaster, however, finally made their appearance, followed by their companions, the whole betraying by their drowsy air, that they had been endeavouring to sleep off the effects

of the late repast, and to recover from their fatigue.

During the mass, the companions of Lottchen and Ulrike exhibited exemplary devotion, and a close attention to the service; but the gaping of the Count and his circle, the wandering eyes, and finally the profound repose of several, sufficiently showed that the ethereal part of their natures was altogether unequal to the mastery of that which was material.

There was a procession from the choir to the shrine, and prayers were said, as on the previous day, with the eyes of all riveted on the unearthly countenance of Maria. As each was left to judge for himself of the manner in which he discharged his particular duties, there was a very sensible difference in the time occupied by the several devotees, in the performance of the common vows. The females appeared to be embodied with the stone, and there were entire minutes during which their motionless

forms would have seemed to be as inanimate as the image on which they gazed, but for the heaving of a breast, or an occasional tremor,—outward and visible signs of the workings of the spirit within. Meta kneeled between her mother and Lottchen, her whole soul being apparently engrossed in devotion. As she studied the bright eye that gleamed upon her from the depths of that mysterious chapel, illuminated as it was by gorgeous and well-disposed lamps, her fancy transformed the image into a being sainted and blessed by the choice of God; and her own gentle spirit clung to the delusion, as one replete with a hope to cheer her own desolation. She thought of the future, and of the grave; of the rewards of the just, and of Heaven; of that endless eternity and its fruition in which she confided, and the ties of earth began sensibly to lessen. There was a holy desire to be at rest. But, notwithstanding the spiritual nature of her employment, the

form of Berchthold, gay in the green garb of a forester, with laughing eye, light step, and cheerful voice, mingled in all the pictures of her imagination. Now he appeared a saint, robed and bearded, as she had been wont to see those holy men represented in works of art, and yet, by a contradiction wrought by her own heart, always bright and youthful; and now she thought him gifted with wings, and united to the beings of that heavenly choir, which had so many representatives around her suspended between the roof and the pavement of the edifice. Singular as it may seem to some of our readers, so busy and so alluring was the working of her imagination at this thrilling moment, that the mourning and affectionate girl had rarely spent an hour of more holy enjoyment, than this which she passed before the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits.

Very different were the sensations of Lottchen. Her griefs were those in which the

fancy had no share. She wept for the child to which she had given birth; for the stay of her age, and for the pride of her life. No fancy could betray the imagination of a mother, nor could any workings of the mind convert the sad reality into aught but the bitter truth. Still Lottchen found consolation in her prayers. Religious faith was active, though the imagination slumbered; for nothing can be more different than the delusions of the one, and the deep sustained convictions of the other; and she was able to find a solace for her sorrow, by looking with calm, christian hope beyond the interests of life.

The sentiments and feelings of Ulrike differed from those of her friend, only in the degree, and in the peculiarity of those additional circumstances, which directed her maternal solicitude to a still living object. But Ulrike, kind, true, and warm of heart, had tenderly regarded the lost Berchthold. Had

there been no other motive than the fact of his being the offspring of Lottchen, she could not have been indifferent to him; but accustomed, as she had been for years, to look forward to his union with Meta, she felt his loss little less than she would have mourned over that of a child of her own.

Not so with Heinrich. The bold and spirited support he received from Berchthold during the assault, had sensibly won upon his esteem, for the affinities between the brave are among the strongest; but the Burgomaster had not passed a life in the indulgence of a passion so engrossing and so incurable as the love of gain, readily to cast aside all his intentions and objects, at the impulse of a purely generous feeling. He would freely have given of his beloved stores to the youth; but to bestow Meta was, in his eyes, to bestow all, and, under his habits, it seemed to be giving gold without an equivalent, to give his daughter's hand to

a penniless husband. There are some who accumulate for the advantages that are incidental to wealth; others hoard under the goadings of an abstract and nearly inexplicable passion; while another set heap together their means, as boys roll up snow, with a delight simply in witnessing how large a mass may be collected by their agency. Heinrich was of the latter class, subject however to a relish for the general results of wealth, and like all men who deem money as an end and not as a means, he was in the practice of considering the last measure of his policy, which was intended to double the stock by the marriage of his daughter, as the happiest and greatest stroke of a fortunate and prosperous life. And yet Heinrich Frey had his moments of strong natural feeling, and the manner in which Meta mourned for the death of Berchthold touched him, to a degree that might have disposed him to say he regretted the fate of his young lieutenant as much on

her account as on his own. It is more than probable, however, could Berchthold have been suddenly restored to life, that the Burgomaster would have returned to his former mode of thinking, and would have thought the resuscitation of the young Forester sufficient, of itself, to assuage the grief of a whole family.

Heinrich and the Count were among the first to quit their suppliant attitudes before the shrine. They had each said the required number of prayers, and, brushing their knees, the two pilgrims strolled away, deeper into the body of the Church, like men well satisfied with themselves. But, while so ready to give relief to his own bones, the Burgomaster kept a vigilant eye on Dietrich, who, being a hired penitent, was expected to give Duerckheim the full worth of its money, in the way of mortifications and *aves*. Most of the lights in the choir had been extinguished, and the aisles of

the edifice were dimly visible, by means of a few scattered candles, that burned, almost without ceasing, before the altars of different subordinate chapels. As they walked down the great aisle, Emich slowly laid a hand on the shoulder of his companion, seeming to invite his close attention by the grave and meaning manner of the action.

"I could wish that our poor Berchthold, after all, had the virtue of masses from these servitors of our Lady of the Hermits!" said the Count. "If there be especial savour in any of this description of prayers, methinks it must be among men who watch a shrine of which they tell all these miracles!"

"Your wish, nobly-born brother pilgrim and friend, is but the expression of mine own. To own the truth, I have thought of little else, while going through the *aves*, but to devise the means of persuading the holy Abbot,

at a reasonable rate, to change his mind, and honestly to let the youth's soul benefit by his intercessions."

"Thou hast not well bethought thee altogether, friend Heinrich, of thine own errand here!"

"Sapperment! What would you, Herr Emich, from a man of my years and education! One gets to be so ready with the words by oft repeating, that going through the beads is much like tapping with a finger while the eye looks over an account. But to speak of the boy — were we to bid higher for these masses, it might raise the present price, and we be uselessly losers; for, as I understand the question, the amount given in no manner changes the true value of the intercession to the defunct."

"Heinrich," returned the Count, musingly, "they say that Brother Luther denounces

these *post mortem* prayers, as vain and of non avail!"

"That would alter the case greatly, Lord Count and brother pilgrim. One could wish to be sure in an affair of this delicacy; for if the monk of Wittenburg hath reason of his side, we lose our gold; and if he hath wrong, the soul of Berchthold may be none the better for our doubts!"

"We laymen are sorely pressed between the two opinions, worthy Burgomaster, and I could fain wish that these reformers would bring the question speedily to a conclusion. By the mass! there are moments when I am ready to throw away the rosary, and to take Duke Friedrich of Saxony's side of the question, as being the most reasonable and manly. But, then again, should he be wrong, thou knowst, Heinrich, we lose the benefit of chapels built, of *aves* said, of gold often paid, and

the high protection of Rome! Thou seest the strait of poor Berchthold, and this only for some little freedom of discourse!"

Heinrich sighed, for he felt the force of the dilemma, and he appeared to ponder before he answered. Edging nearer to the Count, like a man who felt he was about to utter dangerous sentiments in a delicate situation, he whispered the reply.

"Herr Emich," he said, "we are but dust, and that of no very excellent quality. The potter's ware hath its utility, if well baked and otherwise prepared; but of what use is man when the breath hath departed? They say the soul remains, and that it must be cared for, neither of which will I dispute; but is it reasonable to buy out a patent of salvation, for an intangible thing, with current coin? Look to that knave, the smith! —Your pardon, nobly-born Count—but here hath our town engaged the rogue to do

penance in its behalf, and my eyes are no sooner off him, than his lips become as stationary as the wings of a mill in a calm. Duty to Duerckheim demands that I should give him a jog, after which, with your gracious leave, we will look further into the philosophy of that in which we were dealing."

So saying, the zealous Heinrich hurried down the aisle towards his religious mercenary, with a laudable and sensitive watchfulness over the interests of his constituents. He found the smith perfectly immovable, and it was only by repeated and vigorous shakes that he succeeded in arousing his auxiliary from a profound slumber.

In the mean while Emich walked on, still occupied by his reflections. On reaching the gate of the choir he was about to retrace his steps, when he was privately beckoned by one whose dusky form appeared at a side door of the church, to draw nearer. On approaching,

Emich found that his old rival, Bonifacius, awaited his coming.

The salutations of these ancient enemies were courteous, but distant. After a short parley, however, they withdrew in company; and it was past the turn of the day ere the Count of Hartenburg reappeared among the pilgrims. The details of what passed in this secret conference were never known to the public, though subsequent events gave reason to believe that they had reference to the final settlement of the long-contested existence of Limburg in the Jaegerthal. It was known generally in the abbey that the Abbot Rudiger made one of the council, and that its termination was friendly. Those who were disposed to be critical, intimated in after days, that in this dispute, as in most others in which the weak and humble lend themselves to the views of the great and the strong, they for whom the battle had been fought, and whose apparently implacable enmi-

ties had sown discord among their followers, suddenly found means to appease their resentments, and to still the tempest they had raised, in such a manner as to suffer most of its consequences to fall on the heads of their allies. This result, which appears to be universal with those who have the imprudence to connect themselves indissolubly with friends who can irretrievably dispose of their destinies, was perhaps to be looked for, since the man, or the community, that is so weak as to confide too implicitly in the faith of the powerful, whether considered individually or as nations, may at once consider itself a tool to favour views that have little connexion with its own interests. In cases of this nature men are wont to share the fate of the orange-skin, which is thrown away after being sucked: and communities themselves are apt to undergo some such changes as those which mark the existence of the courser, which is first pampered and caressed, then driven upon

the pole, and which commonly ends its career at the plough.

During the time Bonifacius and Emich were arranging their secret treaty, in the best manner that the former could hope for in the state of Germany, and to the entire satisfaction of the latter, the ceremonies of the expiation proceeded. Aroused from his sleep, Dietrich endeavoured to compensate for lost time by renewed diligence; and the Burgomaster himself, apprehensive that the negligence of the hireling might bring a calamity on the town, joined himself to the party, with as much zeal as if he had as yet done nothing towards effecting the object of their journey.

The sun had fallen far towards the west when the pilgrims finally took their departure for the Palatinate. Father Arnolph was again at their head; and, blessed by the Abbot and in favour with the Church, the whole went their way, if not with lightened hearts, at least with bodies

much refreshed, with hopes rekindled, and with packs materially diminished in size.

Ulrike and Lottchen paused when they reached the boundary of the plain, where they could command a parting view of the abbey. Here they and Meta, and indeed most of the party, prayed long and fervently, or at least so seemed to pray. When they arose from their knees, the Prior, whose whole time while at the convent had been deeply occupied by religious exercises, and whose spirit had been refreshed in a degree proportioned to his sincerity and faith, came to the side of the principal group of the females, his eye beaming with holy hope, and his face displaying innate peace of mind.

"Ye are now, daughters, about to take leave for ever of the shrine of our Lady of the Hermits," he said. "If ye have seen aught to lessen the high expectation with which the pious are apt to draw near this sacred altar, ascribe it to that frailty which is inherent in the

nature of man; and if ye have reaped consolation and encouragement from your offerings and prayers, ye may with all security impute it to the goodness of God. And thou, my child," he added with paternal tenderness, addressing Meta, — "thou hast been sorely tried in thy young life — but God is with thee, as he is in yon blue sky — in that sun of molten gold — in yonder icy pile that props the heavens, and in all his works that are so glorious in our eyes! Turn with me to yonder mountain, that from its form is called the Mitre. Regard it well — Dost see aught in particular?"

"'Tis an abrupt and dreary pile of rock, Father," answered Meta.

"Seest thou nought else — on its highest summit?"

Meta looked intently; for in sooth there did appear, on the uppermost pinnacle of the mass, an object so small, and so like a line, that at

first, she passed a hand across her eye to remove a floating hair from before her sight.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands fervently, "I behold a cross!"

"That rock is the type of God's durable justice — that cross the pledge of his grace and love. Go thy way, daughter, and have hope!"

The pilgrims turned, and descended the mountain in musing silence. That evening they crossed the lake, and slept within the ancient walls of the romantic town of Rapperschwyl. On the following day, the pilgrimage being now happily accomplished, they proceeded towards their own distant habitations, descending the Rhine in boats.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"But thou art clay—and canst but comprehend
That which was clay, and such thou shalt behold."
Cain.

THE return of the pilgrims was a happy moment to all who dwelt in Duerckheim. Many prayers had been offered in their behalf during the long absence, and divers vague reports of their progress and success had been eagerly swallowed by their friends and townsmen. When, however, the Burgomaster and his companions were actually seen entering their gates, the good citizens ran to and fro, in troubled delight, and the greetings, espe-

cially among the gentler sex, were mingled with many tears. Emich and his followers did not appear, having taken a private path to the castle of Hartenburg.

The simple and still Catholic (though wavering) burghers, had felt many doubts concerning the fruits of their bold policy, while the expiatory penance was pending. Their town was in the midst of a region that is, perhaps, more pregnant with wild legends, even at this hour, than any other of equal extent in Europe, and it can be easily conceived that, under such circumstances, the imaginations of a people who had been, as it were, nurtured in superstition, would not be likely to slumber. In effect, numberless startling rumours were rife in the town, the valley, and on the plain. Some spoke of fiery crosses gleaming at night above the walls of the fallen Abbey; others whispered of midnight chants, and spectre-like processions, that had been heard or seen among

the ruined towers; while one peasant, in particular, asseverated that he had held discourse with the spirit of Father Johan. These tales found credulous auditors or not, according to the capacity of the listener; and to these may be added another, that was accompanied by such circumstances of confirmation, as are apt momentarily to affect the minds of those, even, who are little wont to lend attention to any incidents of a miraculous nature.

A peasant, in crossing the chase by a retired path, was said to have encountered Berchthold, clad in his dress of green, wearing the hunting-horn and cap, and girded with the usual *couteau-de-chasse*, or, in fine, such as he was first presented to the reader in our early pages. The youth was described to have been hot on the chase of a roebuck, and flushed with exercise. From time to time he was said to wind his horn. The hounds were near, obedient, as usual, to his call, and indeed the vision was

described as partaking of most of the usual accompaniments of the daily exercise of the Forester.

Had the tale ended here, it might have passed off among the thousand other similar wonderful sights, that were then related in that wonder-loving country, and been forgotten. But it was accompanied with positive circumstances, that addressed themselves, in a manner not to be disputed, to the senses. The two favourite hounds of the Forester had been missing for some weeks, and, from time to time, cries resembling theirs were unequivocally heard ringing among the arches of the forest, and filling the echoes of the mountains.

This extraordinary confirmation of the tale of the boor occurred the week preceding the return of the pilgrims. The latter found their townsmen under a strong excitement from this cause, for that very day, nearly half the population of Duerckheim had been into the pass

of the Haart, which was described in the opening chapter of this work, and with their own ears had heard the deep baying of the hounds. It was only after the first felicitations of the return were over, and during the night which followed, that the pilgrims learned this unusual circumstance. It reached Emich himself, however, ere his foot crossed the threshhold of his castle.

On the following day Duerckheim presented a picture of pleased but troubled excitement. Its population was happy in the return of their chosen and best, but troubled with the marvellous incident of the dogs, and by the wild rumours that accompanied it; rumours which thickened every hour by corroborating details from different sources. Early that very morning a new occurrence helped to increase the excitement.

From the moment that the Abbey was destroyed, not an individual had dared to enter

its tottering walls. Two peasants of the Jaegerthal, incited by cupidity, had indeed secretly made the attempt, but they returned with the report of strange sights and of fearful groans existing within the consecrated pile. The rumour of this failure, together with a lingering respect for altars that had been so long reverenced, effectually secured the spot against all similar expeditions. The alarm spread to the Heidenmauer; for by a confusion of incidents, that is far from unusual in popular rumours, an account of Ilse, concerning the passage of the armed band through the cedars, on the night of the assault, coupled with the general distrust that was attached to the place, had been so perverted and embellished, as effectually to leave the ancient camp to its solitude. Some said, that even the spirits of the Pagans had been aroused by the sacrilege from the sleep of centuries, and others argued that, as the hermit was known to have perished

in the conflagration, it was a spot accursed. The secret of the true name, and of the history of the Anchorite, was now generally known, and men so blended the late events with former offences, as to create a theory to satisfy their own longings for the marvellous; though, as is usual in most of these cases of supernatural agency, it might not have stood the test of a severe logical and philosophical investigation.

During the night which succeeded the return of the pilgrims, there had been a grave consultation among the civic authorities, on the subject of all these extraordinary tales and spectacles. The alarm had reached an inconvenient point, and the best manner of quieting it was now gravely debated. There was not a burgher present at the discussion who felt himself free from the general uneasiness, but men, and especially men in authority, ordinarily chose to affect a confidence they are frequently far from feeling. In this spirit, then,

was the matter discussed and decided. We shall refer to the succeeding events for the explanation.

Just as the sun began to shed his warmth into the valley, the people of Duerckheim, with few exceptions, collected without that gate which the Count of Hartenburg had so unceremoniously forced. Here they were marshalled by citizens appointed to that duty, in the usual order of a religious procession. In front went the pilgrims, to whom an especial virtue was attached, in consequence of their recent journey; then came the parochial clergy, with the ordinary emblems of Catholic worship; the burghers succeeded, and last of all followed the women and children, without much attention to order. When all were duly arranged, the crowd proceeded, accompanied by a chant of the choristers, and taking the direction of Limburg.

"This is a short pilgrimage, brother Die-

trich," said the Burgomaster, who in his quality of a Christian of peculiar savour, was still associated with the smith, "and little likely to weary the limbs; still, had the town been as active and true as we who have visited the mountains, this little affair of a few barking hounds, and some midnight moans in the abbey ruins, would have been ready settled to our hands. But a town without its head is like a man without his reason."

"You count on an easy deliverance, then, honourable Heinrich, from this outcry of devils and unbidden guests! For mine own particular exercises, I will declare that, though sufficiently foot-sore with what hath already been done, I could wish the journey were longer, and the enemy more human."

"Go to, smith; thou art not to believe above half of what thou hast heard. The readiness to give faith to idle rumours forms a chief distinction between the vagrant and the

householder — the man of weakness, and the man of wisdom. Were it decent, between a magistrate and an artisan, I would hold thee some hazard of coin, now, that this affair turns out very different from what thou expectest; and I do not account thee, Dietrich, an every-day swallower of lies."

"If your worship would but hint what a fair dealing man ought in truth to believe —?"

"Why look you, smith, here is all that I expect from the inquiry, though we hunt and exorcise for a month. It will be found that there is no pack of hounds at all, loose or in leash, but at most a dog or two, that may be beset or not, as the case shall prove; next, thou wilt see that this tale of Father Johan chasing young Berchthold, while the boy hunts a roebuck, is altogether an invention, since the monk was the last man to give loose to such a scampering, noisy device; as for the Forester, my life on it, his appearance, too, will end in

footmarks, or perhaps some other modest sign that he desires the masses refused by the Benedictines; for I know not the youth that would be less likely needlessly to disturb a neighbourhood with his own particular concerns, than Berchthold Hintermayer, living or dead."

A general start, and a common murmur among his companions, caused Heinrich to terminate his explanations. The head of the procession had reached the gorge, and, as it was about to turn into the valley, the trampling of many hoofs became audible. Feelings so highly wrought were easily excited to a painful degree, and the common expectation, for the moment, seemed to be some supernatural exhibition. A whirlwind of dust swept round the point of the hill, and Count Emich, with a train of well-mounted followers, appeared from its cloud. It was so common to meet religious processions of this nature, that the Count would not have manifested surprise, had he been ig-

norant of the motive which induced the population of Duerckheim to quit its walls; but, already apprised of their intentions, he hastily dismounted, and approached the Burgomaster cap in hand.

"Thou goest to exorcise, worshipful Heinrich," he said, "and love for my town hath quickened our steps, that no honour or attention should be wanting to those I love,—hast a place among thy pilgrims for a poor Baron and his friends?"

The offer was gladly accepted, courage being quickened by every appearance of succour. Emich, though equipped as a cavalier, was, therefore, willingly received among his fellow-travellers. The delay caused by this interruption ended, the procession, or rather the throng, for eagerness, and anxiety, and curiosity had nearly broken all order, proceeded towards the ascent of the mountain.

The ruins of Limburg, then recent and still

blackened with smoke, were found in the deep silence of utter desertion. To judge from appearances, not a footstep had trodden them since the moment when the band of the assailants had last poured through the gates, after a tumultuous triumph, which had been so chilled by the awful catastrophe of the falling roofs. If that party had drawn near the abbey in expectation of a furious assault, this slowly advanced with a troubled apprehension of witnessing some fearful manifestation of superhuman power. Both were disappointed. The unresisted success of the assailants is known, and the procession now proceeded with the same impunity, though many a voice faltered in the chant as they entered the spoiled and desolate church. Nothing, however, occurred to justify their alarm.

Encouraged by this pacific tranquillity, and desirous of giving proofs of their personal superiority to vulgar terrors, the Count and

Heinrich commanded the throng to remain in the great aisle of the church, while they proceeded together into the choir. They found the usual evidences of a fierce conflagration at every step, but nothing to create surprise, until they arrived at the mouldering altar.

"Himmel!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, hastily pulling back his noble friend by the cloak — "Your foot was about to do disreverence to the bones of a Christian, my Lord Count! — For Christian Father Johan was, beyond all question, though one more given to damnation than to charity."

Emich recoiled, for he saw in truth, that, with heedless step, he had been near crushing these revolting remnants of mortality.

"Here died a wild enthusiast!" he said, moving the skeleton with the point of his sheathed sword.

"And here he is still, nobly-born Graf! —This settles the question of the monk chas-

ing young Berchthold through the forest, and among the cedars of the Heidenmauer, and it would be well to show these remains to the people."

The hint was improved, and the throng was summoned to bear witness, that the bones of Johan still lay on the precise spot in which he had died. While the curious and the timid were whispering their opinions of this discovery, the two leaders descended to the crypt.

This portion of the edifice had suffered least by the fire. Protected by the superior pavement, and constructed altogether of stone, it had received no very material injury, but that which had been inflicted by the sledges of the invaders. Fragments of the tombs lay scattered on every side, and here and there a wreath of smoke had left its mark upon a wall; but Emich saw with regret, that he owed the demolition of the altar, and of the

other memorials of his race, entirely to his own precipitation.

"I will cause the bones of my fathers to be interred elsewhere," he said musingly;—"this is no sepulchre for an honoured stock!"

"Umph!—they have long and creditably decayed where they lie, Herr Emich, and it would have been well had they been left beneath the cover of their ancient marbles; but our artisans showed unusual agility in this part of their toil, in honour, no doubt, of an illustrious house."

"None of my race shall sleep within walls accursed by Benedictines! Hark!—what movement is that above, good Heinrich?"

"The townsmen have doubtless fallen upon the bones of the hermit, and of young Berchthold. Shall we go up, Lord Count, and see that fitting reverence be paid their remains? The Forester has claims upon us all, and as

for Odo von Ritterstein, his crime would be deemed all the lighter in these days, moreover he was betrothed to Ulrike in their youth."

"Heinrich, thy wife was very fair;—she had many suitors!"

"I cry your mercy, noble Count; I never heard but of poor Odo, and myself. The former was put out of the question by his own madness, and as for the latter, he is such as Heaven was pleased to make him; an indifferent lover and husband if you will, but a man of some credit and substance among his equals."

The Count did not care to dispute the possession of these qualities with his friend, and they left the crypt, with a common desire to pay proper respect to the remains of poor Berchthold. To their mutual surprise the church was found deserted. By the clamour of voices without, however, it was easy to per-

ceive that some extraordinary incident had drawn away the members of the procession, in a body. Curious to have so violent an interruption of the proceedings explained, the two chiefs, for Heinrich was still entitled to be so styled, hastened down the great aisle, picking their way among fallen fragments towards the great door. Near the latter, they were again shocked by the spectacle of the charred skeleton of Johan, which seemingly had been dropped under the impulse of some sudden and great confusion.

"Himmel!" muttered the Burgomaster, while he hurried after his leader, "they have deserted the bones of the Benedictine!—can it be, Lord Emich, that some fiery miracle, after all our unbelief, hath wrought this fear?"

Emich made no reply, but issued into the court with the air of an offended master. The first glimpse, however, that he caught of the group, which now thronged the ruined walls

of the minor buildings, whence there was a view of the surrounding country, and particularly of parts of the adjacent hill of the Heidenmauer, convinced him that the present was no moment to exhibit displeasure. Climbing up a piece of fallen stone-work, he found himself on a fragment of wall, surrounded by fifty silent, wondering countenances, among whom he recognised several of his own most trusty followers.

"What meaneth this disrespect of the service, and so sudden an abandonment of the remains of the monk?" demanded the baron, —vainly looking about him, in the hope of finding some quicker explanation by means of his own eyes.

"Hath not my Lord the Count seen and heard?" muttered the nearest vassal.

"What, knave? I have seen nought, but pallid and frightened fools, nor heard more than beating hearts! Wilt thou explain this,

varlet — for, though something of a rogue, thou, at least, art no coward ?"

Emich addressed himself to Gottlob.

" It may not be so easy of explanation as is thought, Lord Count," returned the cowherd gravely; " the people have come hither with this speed, inasmuch as the cries of the supernatural dogs have been heard, and some say the person of poor Berchthold hath been again seen !"

The Count smiled contemptuously, though he knew the speaker sufficiently well to be surprised at the concern which was very unequivocally painted in his face.

" Thou wert attached to my Forester ?"

" Lord Emich, we were friends, if one of so humble station may use the word, when speaking of a youth that served so near the person of our master. Like his, my own family once knew better days, and we often met in the chase, which I was wont to cross, coming or going

to the pastures. I loved poor Berchthold, nobly-born Count, and still love his memory."

"I believe thou hast better stuff in thee, than some idle and silly deeds would give reason to believe. I have remembered thy good-will on various occasions, and especially thy cleverness in making the signals, on the night these walls were overturned, and thou wilt find thyself named to the employment left vacant by my late Forester's unhappy end."

Gottlob endeavoured to thank his master, but he was too much troubled by real grief for the loss of his friend, to find consolation in his own preferment.

"My services are my Lord Count's," he answered, "but, though ready to do as commanded, I could well wish that Berchthold were here to do that for me, which—"

"Listen!—Hark!" cried a hundred voices.

Emich started, and bent forward in fixed attention. The day was clear and cloudless,

and the air of the hills pure as a genial breeze and a bright sun could bestow. Favoured by such circumstances, and amid a silence that was breathing and eloquent, there were borne across the valley the well-known cries of hounds on the scent. In that region and age none dared hunt, and indeed none possessed the means of hunting, but the feudal lord. Since the late events, his chases had been unentered with this view, and the death of Berchthold, who enjoyed especial privileges in this respect, had left them without another who might dare to imitate his habits.

"This is at least bold!" said Emich, when the cries had passed away: "hath any other, near, dogs of that noble breed?"

"We never heard of other."

"None would dare use them;"—were the answers.

"I know those throats—they are, of a certainty, the favourite hounds of my poor Fo-

rester! Have not the dogs escaped the leash, to play their gambols at will among the deer?"

"In that case, Lord Count, would tired hounds remain abroad for weeks?" answered Gottlob. "It is now a se'nnight since these cries have been first heard, and yet no one has seen the dogs, from that hour to this, unless, as some of our hinds say, they have in sooth been seen running madly on the scent."

"'Tis said, mein Herr Graf," put in another, "that Berchthold himself hath been viewed in their company, his garments floating in the wind, while he flew along, keeping even pace with the dogs, an' he had been swift of foot as they!"

"With Father Johan at his heels, cowl undone, and robe streaming like a penon, by way of religious amusement!" added the Count, laughing. "Dost not see, dotard, that the crackling bones of thy monk are still in the ruin?"

The hind was daunted by his master's manner, but nothing convinced. There then succeeded a long and expecting silence, for this little by-play near the Count had not in the least affected the solemn attention of the mass. At length the throats of these mysterious dogs again opened, and the cries indeed appeared like those of hounds rushing from beneath the cover of woods into the open air. In a few moments they were repeated, and beyond all dispute, they were now upon the open heath that surrounded the Teufelstein. The crisis grew alarming for the local superstitions of such a place, in the commencement of the sixteenth century. Even Emich wavered. Though he had a vague perception of the inconsistency of living dogs being hunted by a dead forester, still there were so many means of getting over this immaterial difficulty, when the greater point of the supernatural chase was admitted, that he found little relief in the objection.

Descending from the wall, he was in the act of beckoning the priests and Heinrich to his side, when a general shout arose among the male spectators, while the women rushed in a body around Ulrike, who was kneeling with Lottchen and Meta before the great crucifix of the ancient court of the convent. In the twinkling of an eye, Emich re-occupied his place on the wall, which shook with the impetus of his heavy rush.

"What meaneth this disrespectful tumult?" angrily demanded the Baron.

"The hounds!—mein Herr Graf!—the hounds!" answered fifty breathless peasants.

"Explain this outcry, Gottlob."

"My Lord Count, we have seen the dogs leaping past yonder margin of the hill—here, just in a line with the spot where the Teufelstein lies. I know the dear animals well, Herr Emich, and believe me, they are truly the old favourites of Berchthold."

"And Berchthold!" continued one or two of the more decided lovers of the marvellous—"we saw the late Forester, great Emich, bounding after the dogs an' he had wings!"

The matter grew serious, and the Count slowly descended to the court, determined to bring the affair to some speedy explanation.

CHAPTER XXX.

" By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers——"
Richard III.

THE consultation that now took place was between the principal laymen. The connexion which the Church had so long maintained with supernatural agencies, determined Emich, who was jealous of its again obtaining its lost ascendancy in that country, to exclude the officiating priests altogether from the decision he was about to take. Were we to say that the Count of Hartenburg gave full faith to the rumours concerning the spirit of his late Forester having

been seen engaged in the chase, as when in the flesh, we should probably not do entire credit to his intelligence and habits of thinking; but were we to say, that he was altogether free from superstition and alarm on this difficult point, we should attribute to him a degree of philosophy and a mental independence, which in that age was the property only of the learned and reflecting, and not always even of them. Astrology, in particular, had taken strong hold of the imaginations of those who even pretended to general science; and when the mind once admits of theories of a character so little in accordance with homely reason, it opens the avenues to a multitude of collateral weaknesses of the same nature, which seem to follow as the necessary corollaries of the main proposition.

The necessity of a prompt solution of the question was admitted by all of those whom the Count consulted. Many had begun to whisper that the extraordinary visitation was a

consequence of the sacrilege, and that it was hopeless to expect peace, or exemption from supernatural plagues, until the Benedictines were restored to their abbey and their former rights. Though Emich felt convinced that this idea came originally from the monks, through some of their secret and paid agents, he saw no manner of defeating it so effectually as that of demonstrating the falsity of the rumour. In our time, and in this our land, a weapon that was forged by a miracle, would be apt to become useless of itself; but in the other hemisphere, there still exist entire countries, that even now are partially governed by agents of this description. At the period of the tale, the public mind was so uninstructed and dependent, that the very men who were most interested in defeating the popular delirium of the hour, had great difficulty in overcoming their own doubts. It has been seen that Emich, though much disposed to throw off the dominion of the

Church altogether, so far clung to his ancient prejudices, as secretly to distrust the very power he was about to defy, and to entertain grave scruples not only of the policy, but of the lawfulness of the step ambition had urged him to adopt. In this manner does man become the instrument of the various passions and motives that beset him, now yielding, or now struggling to resist, as a stronger inducement is presented to his mind; always professing to be governed by reason and constrained by principles, while in truth he rarely consents to consult the one or to respect the other, until both are offered through the direct medium of some engrossing interest, that requires an immediate and active attention. Then indeed his faculties become suddenly enlightened, and he eagerly presses into his service every argument that offers, the plausible as well as the sound; and thus it happens that we frequently see whole communities making a moral pirouette in a

breath, adopting this year a set of principles that are quite in opposition to all they had ever before professed. Fortunately, all that is thus gained on sound principles is apt to continue, since, whatever may be the waywardness of those who profess them, principles themselves are immutable, and when once fairly admitted, are not easily dispossessed by the bastard doctrines of expediency and error. These changes are gradual as respect those avant-couriers of thought, who prepare the way for the advance of nations, but who in general so far precede their contemporaries, as to be utterly out of view at the effectual moment of the reformation or revolution, or by whatever name these sudden summersets are styled; but as respects the mass, they often occur by a coup-de-main, an entire people awakening, as it were, by magic, to the virtues of a new set of maxims, much as the eye turns from the view of one scenic representation to that of its successor.

Our object in this tale, is to represent society, under its ordinary faces, in the act of passing from the influence of one set of governing principles to that of another. Had our efforts been confined to the workings of a single and a master-mind, the picture, however true as regards the individual, would have been false in reference to a community; since such a study would have been no more than following out the deductions of philosophy and reason—something the worse, perhaps, for its connexion with humanity; whereas he that would represent the world, or any material portion of the world, must draw the passions and the more vulgar interests in the boldest colours, and be content with pourtraying the intellectual part in a very subdued background. We know not that any will be disposed to make the reflection that our labours are intended to suggest, and without which they will scarcely be useful; but, while we admit

the imperfection of what has been here done, we feel satisfied that he who does consider it coolly, and in candour, will be disposed to allow, that our picture is sufficiently true for its object.

We have written in vain, should it now be necessary to dwell on the nature of the misgivings that harassed the minds of the Count and Heinrich, as they descended the hill of Limburg, at the head of the new procession. Policy, and the determination to secure advantages that had been so dearly obtained, urged them on; while doubt, and all the progeny of ancient prejudices, contributed to their distrust.

The people advanced much in the same order as that in which they had ascended to the ruins of the abbey. The pilgrims were in front, followed closely by the parochial priests, and their choirs, while the rest succeeded in an eager, trembling, curious, and

devout crowd. Religious change existed, as yet, rather in doctrine, and among the few, than in the practices of the many; and all the rites, it will be remembered, were those usually observed by the Church of Rome on an occasion of exorcism, or of an especial supplication to be released from a mysterious display of Heaven's displeasure. The Count and Heinrich, as became their stations, walked boldly in advance; for, whatever might have been the extent and nature of their distrust, it was wisely and successfully concealed from all but themselves—even the worthy Burgomaster entertaining a respectful opinion of the noble's firmness, and the latter much wondering at a man of Heinrich's education and habits of life, being able to show a resolution that he thought more properly belonged to philosophy. They passed up towards the plain of the Heidenmauer, by the hollow way that has already been twice mentioned in these pages—once in

the Introduction, and again, as the path by which Ulrike descended on her way to the abbey, on the night of its destruction. Until near the summit, nothing occurred to create new uneasiness; and as the choristers increased the depth of their chant, the leaders began to feel a vague hope of escaping from farther interruption. As the moments passed, the Count breathed freer, and he already fancied that he had proved the Heidenmauer to be a spot as harmless as any other in the Palatinate.

"You have often pricked courser over this wild common of the Devil, noble and fearless Count," said Heinrich, when they drew near the margin of the superior plain—"One so accustomed to its view, is not easily troubled by the cries and vagaries of a leash of uneasy dogs, though they might be kenneled beneath the shade of the Teufelstein!"

"Thou mayest well say often, good Hein-

rich. When but an urchin, my excellent father was wont to train his chargers on this height, and it was often my pleasure to be of the party. Then our hunts frequently drove the deer from the cover of the chase to this open ground—"

The Count paused, for a swift, pattering rush, like that of the feet of hounds beating the ground, was audible, just above their heads, though the edge of the mountain still kept the face of the level ground from being seen. Spite of their resolution, the two leaders came to a dead halt—a delay which those in the rear were compelled to imitate.

"The common hath its tenants, Herr Frey," said Emich gravely, but in the tone of a man resolute to struggle for his rights; "it will soon be seen if they are disposed to admit the sovereignty of their feudal lord."

Without waiting for an answer, the Count, spite of himself, muttered an *ave*, and mounted

with sturdy limbs to the summit. The first glance was rapid, uneasy, and distrustful; but nothing rewarded the look. The naked rock of the Teufelstein lay in the ancient bed—where it had probably been left by some revolution of the earth's crust three thousand years before—grey, solitary, and weatherworn as at this hour; the grassy common had not a hoof or foot over the whole of its surface; and the cedars of the deserted camp sighed in the breeze, as usual, dark, melancholy, and suited to the traditions which had given them interest.

"Here is nothing!" said the Count, drawing a heavy breath, which he would fain ascribe to the difficulty of the ascent.

"Herr von Hartenburg, God is here, as he is among the hills we have lately quitted—on that fair and wide plain below—and in thy hold!—"

"Prithee, good Ulrike, we will of this an-

other time. We touch now on the destruction of a silly legend, and of some recent alarms."

At a wave of his hand the procession proceeded, taking the direction of the ancient gateway of the camp, the choir renewing its chant, and the same leaders always in advance.

It is not necessary to say that the Heidenmauer was approached, on this solemn occasion, with beating hearts. No man of reflection and proper feeling can ever visit a spot like this without fancying a picture that is fraught with pleasing melancholy. The certainty that he has before his eyes the remains of a work, raised by the hands of beings who existed so many centuries before him in that great chain of events which unites the past with the present, and that his feet tread earth that has been trodden equally by the Roman and the Hun, is sufficient of itself to raise a train of thought allied to the wonderful and grand.

But to these certain and natural sensations was now added a dread of omnipotence and the apprehension of instantly witnessing some supernatural effect.

Not a word was uttered until Emich and the Burgomaster turned to pass the pile of stones which mark the position of the ancient wall, by means of the gateway already named, when the former, encouraged by the tranquillity, again spoke.

"The ear is often a treacherous companion, friend Burgomaster," he said, "and, like the tongue, unless duly watched, may lead to misunderstandings. No doubt we both thought, at the moment, that we heard the feet of hounds beating the earth, as on a hunt; thou now seest, by means of one sense, that the other has served us false. But we approach the end of our little pilgrimage, and we will halt, while I speak the people in explanation of our opinions and intentions."

Heinrich gave the signal, and the choir ceased its chant, while the crowd drew near to listen. The Count both saw and felt that he touched the real crisis, in the furtherance of his own views, as opposed to those of the brotherhood, and he determined, by a severe effort, not only to overcome his enemies, but himself. In this mood he spoke.

"Ye are here, my honest friends and vassals," he commenced, "both as the faithful who respect the usefulness of the altar when rightly served, and as men who are disposed to see and judge for themselves. This camp, as ye witness by its remains, was once occupied by armed bands of warriors who, in their day, fought and fortified, suffered and were happy, bled and died, conquered or were vanquished, much as we see those who carry arms in our own time, perform these several acts, or submit to these several misfortunes. The report that their spirits frequent the spot, is as little likely to

be true, as that the spirits of all who have fallen with arms in their hands remain near the earth that hath swallowed their blood; a belief that would leave no place in our fair Palatinate without its ghostly tenant. As for this late alarm, concerning my forester, poor Berchthold Hintermayer, it is the less probable from the character of the youth, who well knew when living the disrelish I have felt for all such tales, and my particular desire to banish them altogether from the Jaegerthal, as well as from his known modesty and dutiful obedience. You see plainly that here are no dogs—"

Emich met with a startling contradiction. Just as his tongue, which was getting fluent with the impunity that had so far attended his declarations, uttered the latter word, the long-drawn cries of hounds were heard. Fifty strong German exclamations escaped the crowd, which waved like a troubled sea. The sounds came from among the trees in the very centre

of the dreaded Heidenmauer, and seemed only the more unearthly from rising beneath that gloomy canopy of cedars.

"Let us go on!" cried the Count, excited nearly to madness and seizing the handle of his sword with iron grasp. "'Tis but a hound! Some miscreant hath loosened the dog from his leash, and he scents the footsteps of his late master, who had the habit of visiting the holy hermit that dwelt here of late——"

"Hush!" interrupted Lottchen, advancing hurriedly, and with a wild eye, from the throng of females. "God is about to reveal his power for some great end! I know—I know—that footstep—"

She was fearfully interrupted, for while speaking, the hounds rushed out of the grove, in the swift mad manner common to the animal, and made a rapid circuit around the form of the dazzled and giddy woman. In the next moment, a tottering wall gave way to the

powerful leap of a human foot, and Lottchen lay senseless on the bosom of her son!

We draw a veil before the sudden fear, the general surprise, the tears, the delight, and the more regulated joy of the next hour.

At the end of that period, the scene had altogether changed. The chant was ended, the order of the procession was forgotten, and a burning curiosity had taken place of all sensations of superstitious dread. But the authority of Emich had driven the crowd back upon the common of the Teufelstein, where it was compelled to content itself, for the moment, with conjectures, and with tales of similar sudden changes from the incarnate to the carnate, that were reputed to have taken place in the eventful history of the borders of the Rhine.

The principal group of actors had retired a little within the cover of the cedars, where,

favoured by the walls and the trees, they remained unseen from without. Young Berchthold was seated on a fragment of fallen wall, supporting his still half incredulous mother in his arms, a position which he had received the Count's peremptory, but kind orders to occupy. Meta was kneeling before Lottchen, whose hand she held in her own, though the bright eye and glowing face of the girl followed, with undisguised and ingenuous interest, every glance and movement of the countenance of the youth. The emotions of that hour were too powerful for concealment, and had there been any secret concerning her sentiments, surprise and the sudden burst of feeling that was its consequence, would have wrung it from her heart. Ulrike kneeled too, supporting the head of her friend, but smiling and happy. The Knight of Rhodes, the Abbé, Heinrich and the smith paced back and forth, as senti-

nels to keep the curious at a distance, though occasionally stopping to catch sentences of the discourse. Emich leaned on his sword, rejoicing that his apprehensions were groundless, and we should do injustice to his rude but not ungenerous feelings, did we not say, glad to find that Berchthold was still in the flesh. When we add, that the dogs played their frisky gambols around the crowd on the common, which could hardly yet believe in their earthly character, our picture is finished.

The deserving of this world may be divided into two great classes; the actively and the passively good. Ulrike belonged to the former, for though she felt as strongly as most others, an instinctive rectitude rarely failed to suggest some affirmative duty for every crisis that arrived. It was she, then (and we here beg to tell the reader plainly, she is our heroine), that gave such a direction to the discourse as was most likely to explain what

was unknown, without harassing anew feelings that had been so long and so sorely tried.

"And thou art now absolved from thy vow, Berchthold?" she asked, after one of those short interruptions, in which the exquisite happiness of such a meeting was best expressed by silent sympathy. "The Benedictines have no longer any claim to thy silence?"

"They set the return of the pilgrims as their own period, and, as I first learned the agreeable tidings by seeing you all in the procession, I had called in the hounds, who were scouring the chase, and was about to hurry down to present myself, when I met you all at the gateway of the camp. Our meeting would have taken place in the valley, but that duty required me first to visit the Herr Odo von Ritterstein——"

"The Herr von Ritterstein!" exclaimed Ulrike, turning pale.

"What of my ancient comrade, the Herr

Odo, boy?" demanded Emich. "This is the first we have heard of him since the night the abbey fell."

"I have told my tale badly," returned Berchthold, laughing and blushing, for he was neither too old nor too practised to blush, "since I have forgotten to name the Herr Odo."

"Thou told us of a companion," rejoined his mother, glancing a look at Ulrike, and raising herself from the support of her son, instinctively alive to her friend's embarrassment, "but thou called him merely a religious."

"I should have said the holy Hermit, whom all now know to be the Baron von Ritterstein. When obliged to fly from the falling roof, I met the Herr Odo kneeling before an altar, and recalling the form of one who had shown me so much favour, it was he that I dragged with me to the crypt. I surely spoke of our wounds and helplessness!"

"True; but without naming thy companion."

"It was the Herr Odo, Heaven be praised! When the monks found us, on the following day, unable to resist, and weakened by hunger and loss of blood, we were secretly removed together, as ye have heard, and cared for in a manner to restore us both, in good time, to our strength and to the use of our limbs. Why the Benedictines chose to keep us secret, I know not; but this silly tale of the supernatural huntsman, and of dogs loosened from their leash, would seem to prove that they had hopes of still working on the superstition of the country."

"Wilhelm of Venloo had nought to do with this!" exclaimed Emich, who had been musing deeply. "The underlings have continued the game after it was abandoned by their betters."

"This may be so, my good Lord; for I

thought Father Bonifacius more than disposed to let us depart. But we were kept until the matters of the compensation and of the pilgrimage were settled. They found us easy abettors in their plot, if plot to work upon the fears of Duerckheim was in their policy; for when they pledged their faith that my two mothers and dearest Meta had been let into the secret of our safety, I felt no haste to quit leeches so skilful, and so likely to make a speedy cure of our hurts."

"And did Bonifacius affirm this lie?"

"I say not the Abbot, my Lord Count, but most certainly the Brothers Cuno and Siegfried said all this and more—the malediction of a wronged son, and of a most foully treated mother,—"

His mouth was stopped by the pretty hand of Meta.

"We will forgive past sorrow for the present joy," murmured the weeping girl.

The angry and flushed brow of Berchthold grew more calm, and the discourse continued in a gentler strain.

Emich now walked away to join the Burgomaster, and together they endeavoured to penetrate the motives which had led the monks to practise their deception. In the possession of so effectual a key, the solution of the problem was not difficult. The meeting of Bonifacius and the Count at Einsiedlen had been maturely planned, and the uncertain state of the public mind in the valley and town was encouraged, as so much make-weight in the final settlement of the Convent's claims; for, in that age, the men of the cloisters knew how to turn every weakness of humanity to good purpose, so far as their own interests were concerned.

CHAPTER XXXI.

" 'Tis over, and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow"—— ROGERS.

ON the following morning the Count of Hartenburg took horse at an early hour. His train, however, showed that the journey was to be short. But Monsieur Latouche who mounted in company, wore the attire and furniture of a traveller. It was in truth the moment when Emich, having used this quasi churchman for his own ends, was about to dismiss him, with as much courtesy and grace as the circumstances seemed to require. Perhaps no picture of the

different faces presented by a church that had so long enjoyed an undisputed monopoly in christendom, and which, as a consequence, betrayed so strong a tendency to abuses, would not have been complete without some notice of such characters as the Knight of the Cross and the Abbé; and it was, moreover, our duty, as faithful chroniclers, to speak of things as they existed, although the accessories might not have a very capital connection with the interest of the principal subject. But here our slight relations with the Abbé are to cease, his host having treated him, as many politic rulers treat others of his profession, purely as the instrument of his own views. Albrecht of Viederbach was prepared to accompany his boon associate as far as Mannheim, but with the intention to return, the unsettled state of his order, and his consanguinity with the Count, rendering such a course both expedient and agreeable. Young Berchthold, too, was in the saddle, his

lord having, by especial favour, commanded the forester to keep at his crupper.

The cavalcade ambled slowly down the Jaegerthal, the Count courteously endeavouring to show the departing Abbé, by a species of misty logic that appears to be the poetical atmosphere of diplomacy, that he was fully justified by circumstances for affecting all that had been done, and the latter acquiescing as readily in his conclusions, as if he did not feel that he had been an egregious dupe.

"Thou wilt see this matter rightly represented among thy friends, Master Latouche," concluded the Baron—"should there be question of it, at the court of thy Francis:—whom may Heaven quickly restore to his longing people; a right valiant and loyal Prince and gentleman!"

"I will take upon myself, high-born and ingenious Emich, to see thee fully justified, whenever there shall be discussion of thy great

warfare and exquisite policy at the court of France. Nay, by the mass! should our jurists, or our statesmen, take upon themselves to prove to the world that thy house hath been wrong in this immortal enterprise, I pledge thee my faith to answer their reasons, both logically and politically, to their eternal shame and confusion."

As Monsieur Latouche uttered this promise with an unequivocal sneer, he thought himself avenged, very amply, for the silly part he had been made to act in the Count's intrigues. At a later day he often told the tale, always concluding with a recital of this bold and ironical allusion to the petty history of the Jaegerthal, which not only he, but a certain portion of his listeners, seemed to think gave him altogether the best of the affair. Satisfied with his success, the Abbé pricked on, to repeat it to the Knight, who laughed in his sleeve at his friend, while he most extolled his wit, the two riding

ahead in a manner to leave Emich an occasion to speak in confidence with his Forester.

"Hast treated of this affair with Heinrich, as I bid thee, boy?" demanded the Count, in a manner between authority and affection, that he was much accustomed to use with Berchthold.

"I have, my Lord Count, and right pressingly, as my heart urged, but with little hope of benefit."

"How! doth the silly Burgher still count upon his marks, after what hath passed! Didst tell him of the interest I take in the marriage, and of my intent to name thee to higher duties, in the villages?"

"None of these favours were forgotten, or aught else that a keen desire could suggest, or a willing memory recall."

"What answer had the burgher?"

Berchthold coloured, and he hesitated to reply. It was only when Emich sternly re-

peated the question, that the truth was extorted from him; for nought but truth would one so loyal consent to use.

"He said, Herr Count, that if it was your pleasure to name a husband for his child, it should also be your pleasure to see that he was not a beggar. I do but give the words of the Herr Frey; for which liberty, I beg my lord to hold me free of all disrespect."

"The niggardly miser! These hounds of Duerckheim shall be made to know their master. —But be of cheer, boy; our tears and pilgrimages shall not be wasted, and thou shalt soon wive with a fairer and better, as becometh him I love."

"Nay, Herr Emich, I do beseech and implore ——"

"Ha! yon is the drivelling Heinrich seated on a rock of this ravine, like a vidette watching the marauders! Prick forward, Berchthold, and desire my noble friends to tarry at the

Town-hall making their compliments;—as for thee, thou mayest humour thy folly, and greet the smiling face of the pretty Meta, the while?"

The Forester dashed ahead like an arrow; while the Count reined his own courser aside, and turned into that ravine by which the path led to the Heidenmauer, when the ascent was made from the side of the valley. Emich was soon at the Burgomaster's side, having thrown the bridle to a servitor that followed.

"How is this, brother Heinrich!" he cried, displeasure disappearing in habitual policy and well-practised management—"art still bent on exorcism, or hast neglected some offices, in yester's pilgrimage?"

"Praised be St. Benedict, or Brother Luther!—for I know not fairly to which the chief merit is due—our Duerckheim is in a most happy disposition, as touching all witchcraft,

and devilry, or even churchly miracles. This mystery of the hounds being so happily settled, the public mind seemeth to have taken a sudden change, and from sweating in broad day-light at the nestling of a mouse, or the hop of a cricket, our crones are ready to set demonology and Lucifer himself at defiance."

"The lucky clearing up of that difficulty will, in sooth, do much to favour the late Saxon opinions, and may go near to set the monk of Wittenberg firmly upon his feet, in our country. Thou seest, Heinrich, that a dilemma so unriddled is worth a library of musty Latin maxims."

"That is it, Herr Emich, and the more especially as we are a reasoning town. Our minds once fairly enlightened, it is no easy matter to throw them into the shade again. It was seen how sorely the best of us were troubled with a couple of vagrant dogs so

lately as yesterday, and now I much question if the whole of the gallant pack would so much as raise a doubt! We have had a lucky escape, Lord Count, for another day of uncertainty would have gone nigh to set up Limburg church again, and that without the masonry of the devil. There is nought so potent in an argument, as a little apprehension of losses or of plagues thrown into the scale. Wisdom weighs light against profit or fear."

"It is well as it is, though Limburg roof will never again cover Limburg wall, friend Heinrich, while an Emich rules in Hartenburg and Duerckheim."—The Count saw the cloud on the Burgomaster's brow as he uttered the latter word, and slapping him familiarly on a shoulder, he added so quickly as to prevent reflection:—"But, how now, Herr Frey! why art at watch in this solitary ravine?"

Heinrich was flattered by the noble's condescension, and not displeased to have a listener to his tale. First looking about him to see that no one could overhear their discourse, he answered on a lower key, in the manner in which a communication that needs confidence, is usually made.

"You know, Herr Emich, this weakness of Ulrike concerning hermitages and monks, altars and saints' days, with all those other practices of which we may now reasonably expect to be quit, since late rumours speak marvels of Luther's success. Well, the good woman would have a wish to come upon the Heidenmauer this morning, and as there had been some warm argument between us, and the poor wife had wept much concerning marrying our child with young Berchthold, a measure out of all prudence and reason, as you must see, nobly-born Count, I was fain

willing to escort her thus far, that she might give vent to her sorrow in godly discourse with the hermit."

"And Ulrike is above, in the cedars, with the anchorite!"

"As sure as I am here waiting her return, Lord Count."

"Thou art a gallant husband, Master Frey! —Wert wont of old to resort much with the Herr Odo von Ritterstein—he who playeth this masquerade of penitence and seclusion?"

"Sapperment! I never could endure the arrogant! But Ulrike fancieth he hath qualities that are not so evil; and a woman's taste, like a child's humours, is easiest altered by giving it scope."

Emich laid both hands on the shoulders of his companion, looking him full and earnestly in the face. The glances that were exchanged in this attitude were pregnant with meaning.

That of the Count expressed the distrust, the contempt, and the wonder of a man of loose life; while that of the Burgomaster, by appearing to reflect the character of the woman with whom he had so long lived, expressed volumes in her favour. No language could have said more for Ulrike's principles and purity, than the simple, hearty, and unalterable confidence of the man who necessarily had so many opportunities of knowing her. Neither spoke, until the Count, releasing his grasp, walked slowly up the mountain, saying in a voice which proved how strongly he felt——

"I would thy consort had been noble, Heinrich!"

"Nay, my good lord," answered the simple Burgomaster, "the wish were scarcely kind to a friend! In that case, I could not have wived the Frau."

"Tell me, good Heinrich—for I never heard

the history of thy love—wert thou and thy proposal well received, when first offered to the virgin heart of Herr Hailtzenger's daughter?"

The Burgomaster was not displeased with an opportunity of alluding to a success that had made him the envy of his equals.

"The end must speak for the means, Herr Count," he answered chuckling. "Ulrike is none of your free and froward spirits to jump out of a window, or to meet a youth more than half-way, but such encouragement as becometh maiden diffidence was not wanting, or mine own ill opinion of myself might have kept me a bachelor to this hour."

Emich chafed to hear such language coming from one he so little respected, and applied to one he had truly loved. The effort to swallow his spleen produced a short silence, of which we shall avail ourselves to transfer the scene to the hut of the hermit, where there was an interview that proved decisive of the future

fortunes of several of the characters of our tale.

The day which succeeded the restoration of Berchthold had been one of general joy and felicitation in Duerckheim. There was an end to the doubts of the timid and superstitious, concerning an especial and an angry visitation from Heaven, as a merited punishment for overturning the altars of the abbey, and few were so destitute of good feeling, not to sympathize in the happiness of those who had so bitterly mourned the fancied death of the Forester. As is usual in cases of violent transitions, the reaction helped to lessen the influence of the monks, and even those most inclined to doubt were now encouraged to hope that the religious change, which was so fast gaining ground, might not produce all the horrors that had once been dreaded.

Heinrich has revealed the nature of the discussion that took place between himself and his

wife. The latter had endeavoured, in vain, to seize the favourable moment to work upon the feelings of the Burgomaster in the interests of the lovers; but, though sincerely glad that a youth who had shown such mettle in danger was not the victim of his courage, Heinrich was not of a temperament to let any admiration of generous deeds affect the settled policy of a whole life. At the close of this useless and painful conference, the mother suddenly demanded permission of her husband to visit the hermit, who had been left, as before the recent events, in undisturbed possession of the dreaded Heidenmauer.

Any other than a man constituted like Heinrich might, at such a moment, have heard this request with distrust. But strong in his opinion of himself, and accustomed to confide in his wife, the obstinate Burgomaster hailed the application as a means of relieving him from a discussion, in which, while he scarce knew how

plausibly to defend his opinion, he was resolutely determined not to yield. The manner in which he volunteered to accompany his wife, and in which he remained patiently waiting her return, and the commencement of his dialogue with Emich, are known. With this explanation, we shift the scene to the hut of the Anchorite.

Odo of Ritterstein was pale, by loss of blood from the wounds received from a fragment of the falling roof, but paler still by the force of that inward fire which consumed him. The features of his fair and gentle companion were not bright as usual, though nought could rob Ulrike of that winning beauty, which owed so much of its charm to expression. Both appeared agitated with what had already passed between them, and perhaps still more by those feelings which each had struggled to conceal.

"Thou hast indeed had many moving passages in thy life, Odo," said the gentle Ulrike,

who was seemingly listening to some recital from the other's lips; "and this last miraculous escape from death is among the most wonderful."

"That I should have perished beneath the roof of Limburg, on the anniversary of my crime, and with the fall of those altars I violated, would have been so just a manifestation of Heaven's displeasure, Ulrike, that even now I wonder that I have been permitted to live! Thou then thought, in common with others, that I was released from this life of woe?"

"Thou lookest with an unthankful eye at what thou hast of hope and favour, or thou wouldst not use a term so ungrateful in speaking of thy sorrows. Remember, Odo, that our joys in this being are tainted with mortality, and that thy unhappiness does not surpass that of thousands who still struggle with their duties."

"This is the difference between the unquiet

ocean and tranquil waters—between the oak and the reed! The current of thy calm existence may be ruffled by the casual interruption of some trifling obstacle, but the gentle surface soon subsides, leaving the element limpid and without stain! Thy course is that of the flowing and pure spring, while mine is the torrent's mad and turbulent leaps. Thou hast indeed well said, Ulrike, God did not form us for each other!"

"Whatever nature may have done towards suiting our dispositions and desires, Odo, Providence and the world's usages have interposed to defeat."

The hermit gazed at the mild speaker with eyes so fixed and dazzling, that she bowed her own look to the earth.

"No," he murmured rapidly, "Heaven and earth have different destinies—the lion and the lamb different instincts!"

"Nay, I will none of this disreputable de-

preciation of thyself, poor Odo. That thou hast been erring, we shall not deny—for who is without reproach?—but that thou meritest these harsh epithets, none but thyself would venture to affirm."

"I have met with many enigmas, Ulrike, in an eventful and busy life—I have seen those who worked both good and evil—encountered those who have defeated their own ends by their own wayward means—but never have I known one so devoted to the right, that seemed so disposed to extenuate the sinner's faults!"

"Then hast thou never met the true love of God, or known a Christian. It matters not, Odo, whether we admit of this or that form of faith—the fruit of the true tree is charity and self-abasement, and these teach us to think humbly of ourselves and kindly of others."

"Thou began early to practise these golden rules, or surely thou never wouldst have forgotten thine own excellence, or have been ready

to sacrifice it to the heedless impulses of one so reckless as he to whom thou wast betrothed!"

The eye of Ulrike grew brighter, but it was merely because a tinge of colour diffused itself on her features.

"I know not for what good purpose, Herr von Ritterstein," she said, "that these allusions are now made. You know that I have come to make a last effort to secure the peace of Meta. Berchthold spoke to me of your intention to reward the service he did your life, and I have now to say, that if in aught you can do the youth favour, the moment when it will be most acceptable hath come—for Lottchen has been too sorely stricken to bear up long against farther grief."

The Hermit was reproved. He turned slowly to one of his receptacles of worldly stores, and drew forth a packet. The rattling told his companion that it was of parch-

ment, and she waited the result with curious interest.

"I will scarce say, Ulrike," he replied, "that this deed is the price of a life that is scarce worth the gift. Early in my acquaintance with young Berchthold and Meta, I wrung their secret from them; and from that moment it hath been my greatest pleasure to devise means to secure the happiness of one so dear to thee. I found in the child that simple, ingenuous faith, which was so admirable in the mother, and shall I say that reverence for thee quickened the desire to serve thy offspring?"

"I certainly owe thee thanks, Herr von Ritterstein, for the constancy of this good opinion," returned Ulrike, showing great sensibility.

"Thank me not, but rather deem the desire to serve thy child a tribute that repentant error gladly pays to virtue. Thou knowest that I am the last of my race, and there remained

nought but to endow some religious house, to let my estate and gold pass to the feudal Prince, or to do this."

"I could not have thought it easy to effect this change, in opposition to the Elector's interests!"

"Those have been looked to; a present fine has smoothed the way, and these parchments contain all that is necessary to install young Berchthold as my substitute and heir."

"Friend! dear, generous friend!" exclaimed the mother, moved to tears, for, at that moment, Ulrike saw nothing but the future happiness of her child assured, and Berchthold restored to more than his former hopes—"generous and noble Odo!"

The hermit arose, and placed the parchment in her hand, in the manner of one long prepared to perform the act.

"And now, Ulrike," he said with a forced calm, "this solemn and imperative duty per-

formed, there remaineth but the last leave-taking."

"Leave-taking! Thou wilt live with Meta and Berchthold—the castle of Ritterstein will be thy resting-place, after so much sorrow and suffering!"

"This may not be!—my vow, my duties—Ulrike! I fear, my prudence forbids."

"Thy prudence! Thou art no longer young, dear Odo!—privations thou hast hitherto despised will overload thy increasing years, and we shall not be happy with the knowledge that thou art suffering for the very conveniences which thine own liberality hath so generously conferred on others."

"Habit hath taken nature's place, and the hermitage and the camp are no longer strangers to me. If thou wouldst secure not only my peace, but my salvation, Ulrike, let me depart. I have already lingered too long near a scene

which is filled with recollections that are dread enemies of the penitent."

Ulrike recoiled, and her cheek blanched to paleness. Every limb trembled; for that quick sympathy, which neither time nor duty had entirely extinguished, silently admonished her of his meaning. There was a fervour in his voice, too, which sounded like tones that, spite of all her care, the truant imagination would sometimes recall; for in no subsequent condition of life can a woman entirely forget the cherished sounds with which true love first greets the maiden ear.

"Odo," said a voice, so gentle that it caused the nerves of the anchorite to thrill, "when dost thou think to depart?"

"This day—this hour—this minute!"

"I believe—yes, thou art right to go."

"Ulrike, God will keep thee in mind. Pray often for me."

"Farewell, dear Odo!"

"God bless thee!—may he have mercy on me!"

There was a short pause. The hermit approached, and lifted his hands in the attitude of benediction; twice he seemed about to clasp the unresisting Ulrike to his bosom—but her meek, tearful countenance repressed the act, and, muttering a prayer, he rushed from the hut. Left to herself, Ulrike sank on a stool, and remained like an image of woe, tears flowing in streams down her cheeks.

Some minutes elapsed before the wife of Heinrich Frey was aroused from her forgetfulness; then the approach of footsteps told her she was no longer alone. For the first time in her life, Ulrike endeavoured to conceal her emotion with a sentiment of shame; but ere this could be effected, the Count and Heinrich entered.

"What hast done with poor Odo von Ritter-

stein, good Frau; that man of sin and sorrow?" demanded the latter, in his hearty, unsuspecting manner.

"He has left us, Heinrich."

"For his castle?—well, the man hath had his share of sorrow, and ease may not yet come too late. The life of Odo, Lord Count, hath not been, like our own histories, of a nature to make him content. Had that affair of the host, though at the best but an irreverent and unwarrantable act, happened in these days, less might have been thought of it; and then," tapping his wife's cheek, "to lose Ulrike's favour was no slight calamity of itself. But what have we here?"

"'Tis a deed, by which the Herr von Ritterstein invests Berchthold with his remaining worldly effects."

The Burgomaster hastily unfolded the ample parchment. At a glance, though unable to comprehend the Latin of the instrument, his

accustomed eye saw that all the usual appliances were there. Turning suddenly to Emich—for he was not slow to comprehend the cause and object of the gift—he exclaimed—

"Here is manna in the wilderness! Our differences are happily settled, nobly-born Count, and next to according the hand of Meta to the owner of the lands of Ritterstein, I hold it a pleasure to oblige an illustrious friend and patron. Henceforth, Herr Emich, let there be nought but fair words between us."

Since entering the hut, the Count had not spoken. His look studied the tearful eyes and colourless cheeks of Ulrike, and he put his own constructions on the scene. Still he did the fair wife of the Burgher justice, for, though less credulous than Heinrich on the subject of his consort's affections, he too well knew the spotless character of her mind, to change the opinion her virtue had extorted from him in early youth. He accepted the

conditions of his friend, with as much apparent frankness as they were offered, and, after a few short explanations, the whole party left the Heidenmauer together.

Our task is ended. On the following day Berchthold and Meta were united. The castle and the town vied with each other in doing honour to the nuptials, and Ulrike and Lottchen endeavoured to forget their own private causes of sorrow in the happiness of their children.

In due time Berchthold took possession of his lands, removing with his bride and mother to the Castle of Ritterstein, which he always affected to hold merely as the trustee of its absent owner. Gottlob was promoted in his service, and having succeeded in persuading Gisela to forget the gay cavalier who had frequented Hartenburg, these two wayward spirits settled down into a half-loving, half-wrangling couple, for the rest of their lives.

Duerckheim, as is commonly the case with the secondary actors in most great changes, shared the fate of the frogs in the fable; it got rid of the Benedictines for a new master, and though the Burgomaster and Dietrich, in after life, had many wise discourses concerning the nature of the revolution of Limburg, as the first affected to call the destruction of the abbey, he never could very clearly explain to the understanding of the latter, the great principles of its merits. Still the smith was not the less an admirer of the Count, and to this day his descendants show the figure of a marble cherub, as a trophy brought away by their ancestor on that occasion.

Bonifacius and his monks found shelter in other convents, each endeavouring to lessen the blow by such expedients as best suited his tastes and character. The pious Arnolph persevered to the end, and believing charity to be the fairest attribute of the Christian, he never

ceased to pray for the enemies of the Church, or to toil that they might have the benefit of his intercession.

As for Odo von Ritterstein, the country was long moved by different tales of his fate. One rumour—and it had much currency—said he had been serving in company with Albrecht of Viederbach, who rejoined his brother knights, and that he died on the sands of Africa. But there is another tradition extant in the Jaegerthal, touching his end. It is said that thirty years later, after Heinrich, and Emich of Leiningen, and most of the other actors of this legend, had been called to their great accounts, an aged wanderer came to the gate of Ritterstein, demanding shelter for the night. He is reported to have been well received by Meta, her husband and son being then absent in the wars, and to have greatly interested his host by the histories he gave of customs and events in distant regions. Pleased with her guest, the

Frau von Ritterstein (for Berchthold had purchased this appellation by his courage) urged him to rest himself another day within her walls. From communicating, the stranger began to enquire; and he so knew how to put his questions, that he soon obtained the history of the family. Ulrike was the last he named; and the younger female members of the castle fancied that his manner changed as he listened to the account of the close of her life, and of her peaceful and pious end. The stranger departed, nor would his visit probably have been remembered, had not his body been shortly after found in the hut of the Heidenmauer, stiffened in death. Those who love to throw a colouring of romance over the affections, are fond of believing this was the Hermit, who had found a secret satisfaction, even at the close of so long a life, in breathing his last on the spot where he had finally separated from the woman he had so constantly and fruitlessly loved.

To this tradition—true or false—we attach no importance. Our object has been to show, by a rapidly-traced picture of life, the reluctant manner in which the mind of man abandons old, to receive new impressions—the inconsistencies between profession and practice—the error in confounding the good with the bad, in any sect or persuasion—the common and governing principles that control the selfish, under every shade and degree of existence—and the high and immutable qualities of the good, the virtuous, and of the really noble.

THE END.

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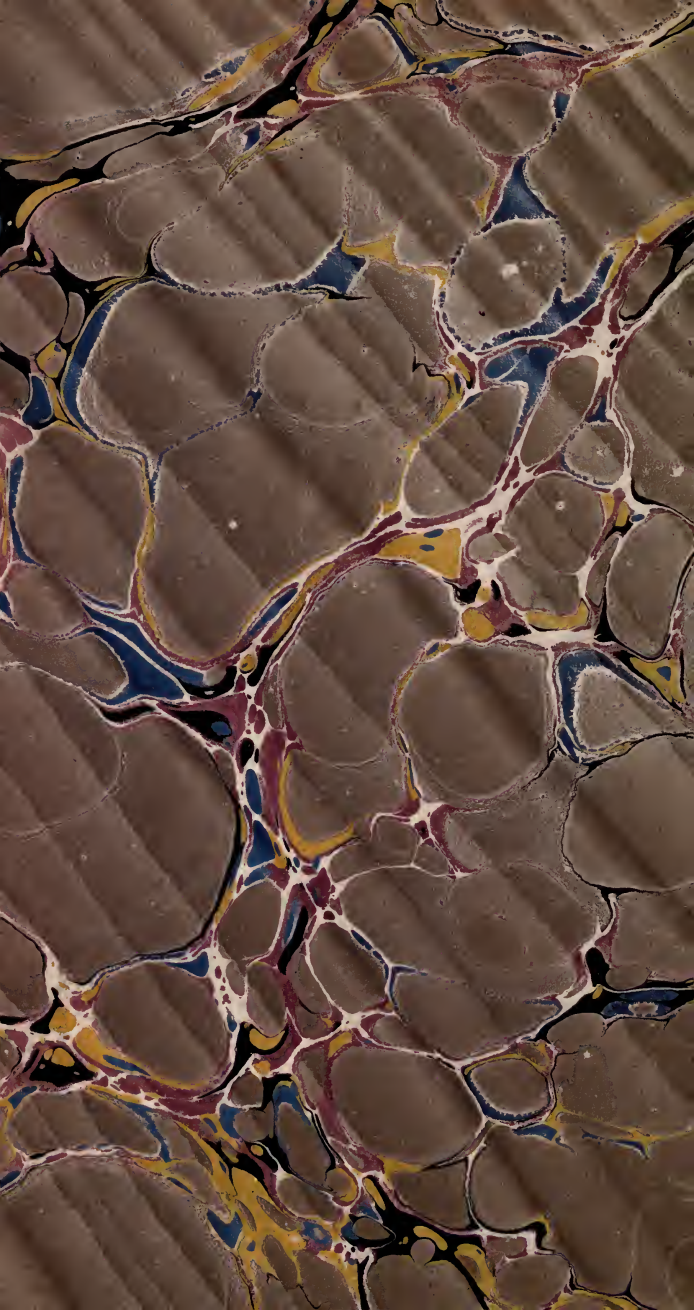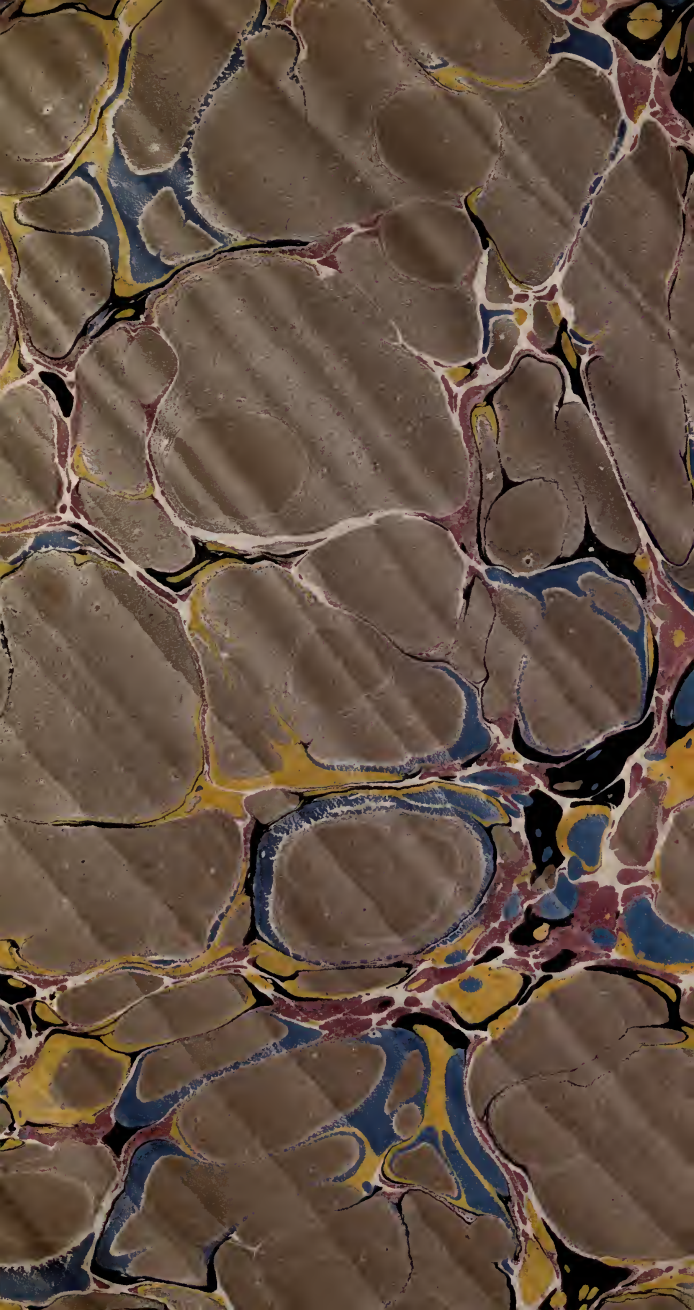
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